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LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

EDITED BY

GEORGE RICE CARPENTER, A.B.

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

EDITED BY

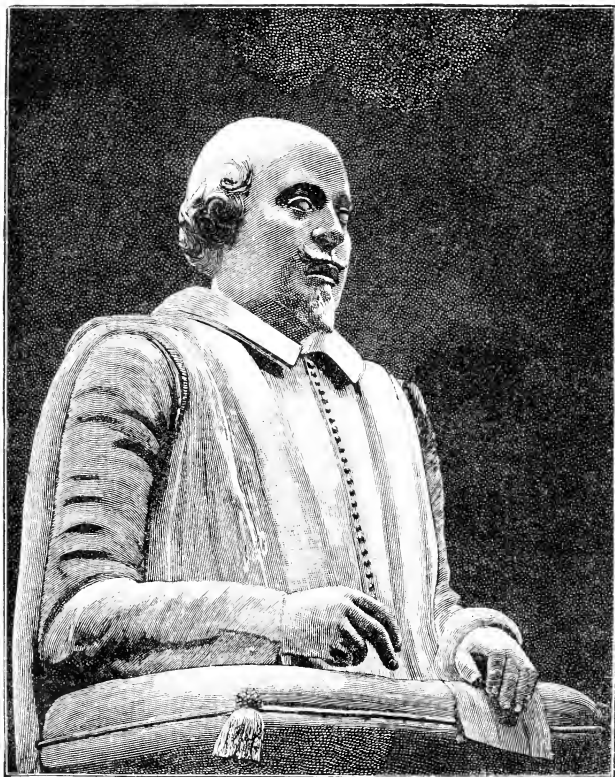
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WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

(From the bust on his tomb at Stratford-on-Avon)

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SHAKSPERE'S
"

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

FRANCIS B. GUMMERE, PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN HAVERFORD COLLEGE



NEW YORK
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PREFACE

THE “ Merchant of Venice ” is one of those books which are to be studied,—mastered by dint of hard work, and made to serve the ends of mental discipline, as well as to lure the pupil into a love of good reading. The present editor has tried to help teacher and pupil in their work, and has kept his eye neither on intellectual beer and skittles, nor yet on that pretty pretence of labor which takes all (subjective) knowledge for its province and seeks to train the mind by the example of Mr. Brooke of Middlemarch. Since the Introduction was written, these words of Professor Dowden have come under the editor’s notice, and should be added to the Suggestions for Teachers : “ Some persons seem to fear that a close attention to textual difficulties, conjectural emendations, obsolete words, allusions to manners and customs, and suchlike, will quench an interest in the higher meanings of the play. I have not found it so ” (On the Teaching of English Literature, “ New Studies in Literature,” p. 423). No editor of Shakspeare, however humble his desire, or however ambitious, can close his work without a word of thanks to Dr. Furness for the manifold help afforded by the Variorum edition.

F. B. G.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, *February* 12, 1896.

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INTRODUCTION

I. SHAKSPERE'S LIFE.

WE know very little about the life of Shakspeare ;¹ but this ignorance is certainly no cause for wonder, and hardly a cause for pathos. As regards the latter emotion, we may be content to have the plays, and yet forgo facts which might explain why the playwright left only a second-best bed to his wife ; while the darkness which hangs about the person of Shakspeare is no more remarkable than the scantiness of modern knowledge concerning

¹ The best account of the life of Shakspeare, along with valuable documents and illustrations, is *Outlines of the Life of S.*, 6th ed., London, 1886, by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. A seventh edition has been issued. See also Karl Elze, *William Shakespeare, a Literary Biography*, translated (inadequately) by L. Dora Schmitz, London, 1888 (in Bohn's Standard Library). These for facts ; for the higher mood and finer critical treatment, see Dowden, *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*, and ten Brink's five lectures on Shakspeare (Strassburg, 1893, and now accessible in an English translation). The latter is a posthumous publication, limited in scope, and not elaborated ; but ten Brink's indifferent work is far better than the best work of the hacks. See also Barrett Wendell, *William Shakspeare*, New York, 1894. For a jury of peers, in the sense of brother poets, one may add the fragmentary but valuable comments of Coleridge : *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare*, in Bohn's Standard Library, London, 1884, and the recently published *Anima Poetae* ; Victor Hugo's now inspiring, now irritating *William Shakespeare* (an English translation by M. B. Anderson, Chicago, 1887) ; the imperious praises of Swinburne's *A Study of Shakespeare* ; and the scattered comments of Goethe. Of these, the discussion of Hamlet in *Wilhelm Meister* is best known ; but interesting *obiter dicta* will be found in the collection called *Sprüche in Prosa*, edited by von Loeper and published by Hempel.

the lives of other dramatists in his day, such as Fletcher, Chapman, and Marlowe. The Elizabethan man of letters, particularly when he worked for the stage, was not a subject for biography.

William Shakspeare¹ was born at Stratford, in Warwickshire,² in 1564, perhaps April 23—after modern reckoning, May 3—perhaps a day or two earlier; and certainly was baptized April 26. His father, John Shakspeare, yeoman by birth, but a man of importance in Stratford,—rising to be alderman and high bailiff,—ultimately

¹ This spelling is adopted by the New Shakspeare Society—a sensible proceeding, even if little stress be laid upon the fact that the poet so wrote his name in his will and in a favorite book. The subject is discussed at great length by Elze, who gives all needed material: *W. S.*, trans., pp. 539 ff. He thinks “Shakspeare” represented the provincial or Stratford pronunciation, with short vowel-sounds, and was preferred by the poet as discouraging such a play on words as the London fashion of speech permitted in Greene’s “Shake-scene” or in Ben Jonson’s famous line. Elze follows the London method, but his logic is not too clear. The name of Shakspeare was common enough at that time in England, and can be traced back for over a century. It was not aristocratic, but “belonged to the lower strata of the nation, to the yeomanry.”

² Shakspeare alludes to Warwickshire “places and persons” in the *Merry Wives* and in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Drayton, himself a Warwickshire man, describes in his *Polyolbion* the “shire which we the Heart of England well may call.” It was a place, as ten Brink points out, where old myths, legends, customs, and folklore generally would linger longest, and where the population must have shown a pronounced blending of different elements. First there was the mingling of West Saxons and Celts (see M. Arnold’s assertion, *Celtic Literature*, vi., that English poetry got its “turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic” mainly from a Celtic source—quoting, by the way, as example of the third, a passage [v., i., 1 ff.] from the *Merchant of Venice*), then of West Saxons and Anglians, with preponderance of the latter. Warwickshire was a stronghold of popular poetry; but it is of the highest importance to remember that it was not too remote from London, and in dialect presented no real dissonance to literary English and the traditions that began with Chaucer.

obtained the grant of a coat-of-arms. The poet's mother, Mary Arden, was of gentle blood. There is every reason to think that Shakspeare was admitted to the free grammar school of Stratford upon the usual conditions of proper age—seven years—and ability to read ; nor is one forced to assume that the “small Latin and less Greek ” at which Jonson had his fling tells the full tale of the poet's education. We know the mature man to whom the public of his day—printers, registrars, pamphleteers, fellow-playwrights—attributed, without hint of surprise or dissent, a considerable body of plays and poems ; we know the boy, son of a leading citizen of Stratford ; how the boy came to that knowledge of books which is manifested in the work of his manhood, we do not know. On the other hand, we know very well that England, in his time, had a great zeal for learning of all sorts, and particularly for translations. There were “versions of some if not of all the works of Vergil, Ovid, Horace, Lucan, and Seneca, of Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, Suetonius, Cæsar, Curtius, and others ;”¹ and these translations were eagerly read, not by scholars—for the scholar was more at home in Latin than in his native tongue—but by that new class which had sprung up with the invention of printing, the “reading public.”² The same eagerness was shown for translations from the Italian, “sold,” says

¹ Elze, p. 372. The student should be told something about Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*, 1767.

² It is usually assumed that Addison, Steele, and their followers began the movement which reckoned with women as a part of this “reading public.” But many books—particularly novels—were made for women in the time of Shakspeare (see Jusserand, *The English Novel in the Time of Shakspeare*, pp. 28, 89 ff. and particularly 104 ff.), although one must admit that, save the popular *Euphues*, these were by no means the sort of books which Addison and Steele would have chosen for English women of their day. That people of no rank—artisans, even—read such books is evident, as Jusserand points out, from the list which Laneham gives as belonging to Captain Cox.

Ascham, "in every shop in London." Nash sneered at Shakspeare for rifling "good sentences" from "English Seneca." Any man who had the genius to write the plays as plays, quite aside from the learned and classical allusions to be found in them, may be trusted to have had wit and interest and memory enough to account for this very wealth of allusion. In fine, while wonder is reasonable and even inevitable when we try to see in one and the same man that "Shakspeare of heaven,"¹ as Hallam calls him, who has given us the plays, and the "Shakspeare of earth," about whom we have such scanty and commonplace records, nevertheless this wonder is a quite impossible basis for any argument that Shakspeare could not have written the works which go under his name.²

¹ "*Shakspeare and Ford from heaven were sent,
But Ben and Tom from college,*"

run some verses falsely attributed to Herrick's friend, Endymion Porter. "Ben" and "Tom" are Jonson and Randolph.

² Only a word about the great heresy, to which Shakspeare's supposed ignorance and known humble origin contribute the vital argument. But the argument runs in a circle. One assumes that Shakspeare did not write the plays. This discredited person, then, may well have been an idle, ignorant country boy who went up to London and showed some skill in handling other men's plays. This granted, again, torrents of ridicule are in order; and it is very "evident" that such a person could never have written plays so full of wisdom in general and of classic and polite allusions in particular. Select some suitable author, then, for these masterpieces: Bacon, say some; Raleigh, cry others, was more likely. But the ingenious sceptic has now his own destructive argument to face. How could Bacon or Raleigh have come by the technical skill in these dramas? The best critics are agreed that Shakspeare's plays show at every turn the author's familiarity with the remotest details of stage management and stage effect—not in externals simply, where a clever manager could adapt or change, but in the intricate construction, the very web of the fabric. All this, however, is useless argument. When Ben Jonson praises Shakspeare, friend and fellow-playwright, he is a fatal witness against the case of the heretics; but when he tells Drummond that "Shakspeare wanted art," he puts the whole question out of court.

We know nothing whatever of his actual schooling, nothing of his access to books or other chances of the sort. That his father, about 1578, fell into debt and distress; that the poet married Anne Hathaway, his senior by about eight years, in 1582 (a daughter Susanna was born in 1583, the twins Hamlet [or Hamnet] and Judith in 1585);¹ and that in the latter year, or perhaps as late as 1587, he went up to London, is really all we know about the youth of Shakspeare. Traditions of deer-stealing and drinking-bouts are of little moment, except possibly as they point to the general unsettlement of the poet's life at this time—a hasty and ill-advised marriage, distress in his own family and in that of his father, and at last the flight to London.

Here, at last, begin the trustworthy records, meagre as they are, which refer to the poet. Greene—assuming, of course, that “Shake-scene” is Shakspeare—rails upon the “upstart” whom we presently find hard at work in the new and not too reputable calling of actor and playwright.² Plays were not regarded as a high or even representative form of literature, and Bodley was fain to exclude them from his library. We are therefore not to underestimate the reputation as poet which Shakspeare made by his “Venus and Adonis” of 1593, and by his “Lucrece” of the following year. They were dedicated

¹ Possibly, thinks a wise German, Shakspeare may have ventured on his memorable poaching in order “to procure a roast for the christening-feast!”

² “The basest trade,” says Philomusus in *The Return from Parnassus* (Arber, p. 60), referring to Kempe and Burbage, who have grown rich by the theatre. Hardly anything, think the Cambridge scholars, could be worse than acting. Ward, however (*English Dramatic Lit.*, I., 260), is of opinion that the respectability of this calling “depended entirely on the individual.” But see the 110th, and particularly the 111th sonnet of Shakspeare. See also Wendell, *W. S.*, pp. 40-47.

to the Earl of Southampton, and had immediate favor with the public. Still, whatever gift they may have won from a noble patron of letters, it is certain that Shakspeare was acting and writing plays for his living. He made money; and by 1597, after his father had got the coat-of-arms,¹ could buy one of the best houses in Stratford, besides owning property in London. In 1598 he acted in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour;"² and the same year Francis Meres declared in the "Palladis Tamia," that "as Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latines: so Shakspeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage," going on to name twelve of his plays, among them "The Merchant of Venice," and mentioning the poems and sonnets.³

The sonnets make up the only personal or subjective poetry left us by Shakspeare; whatever the theory of their general origin and purpose, they have the intimate note and a direct biographical value. Probably we have no right to say with Dr. Furnivall that Antonio, in this present play, is the Shakspeare of the sonnets; for in that sort of criticism there is no check upon one's inferences, no stay in fact. For example, Antonio seems sad with what the Germans call *Weltschmerz*. When he first appears, he is sad on general principles, not because he is friendless or without means. Now, the sixty-sixth son-

¹ In 1596. Elze (p. 187) notes, however, that in 1597 John Shakspeare is called "Yeoman," and that in 1599 the grant was made a second time.

² Here as "comedian." As "tragedian" he acted in the same author's *Sejanus* in 1603. Tradition says he took the part of Adam in *As You Like It*, and of the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

³ Praise for the poet precedes praise for the playwright: "The sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare: witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his 'sugred' sonnets among his private friends."

net, "Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,"¹ expresses such a *Weltschmerz* on the part of the poet, and concludes with a certain exquisite reason for living, with which one might compare the merchant's love for Bassanio. But Antonio is a dramatic character. He is sad for an obvious purpose in the construction of the play; and we have hardly any right whatever to say that here Shakspeare is speaking through Antonio's lips. If, however, we turn to the sonnet itself, and ask, as some critics have asked, whether this impassioned personal cry be not in all likelihood a dramatic performance itself, a feat of expression, a conventional and artificial experiment, a little poetic *tour de force* in imitation of foreign models, then we are doing thrice the amount of violence to the lyric that we were before in danger of doing to the drama. True, the sonnets were "for his private friends," and here and there, in the first and longer group, we catch a hint of this conventional purpose; but after a candid study of them one feels that one has been dealing mainly with lyric sincerity, and that in these utterances Shakspeare "unlock'd his heart." We cannot strip the sonnets of their biographical value, although this value is to be found in a hint of personality, an approach to sympathy, rather than in any list of qualities mental or spiritual.

For a dozen years from 1598, Shakspeare is known to us as an investor of money, a shrewd buyer of land and tithes, an "enterprising" and fortunate man engaged in ventures of the stage. This is the "Shakspeare of earth." The "Shakspeare of heaven," on the other hand, won his best laurels during this period, and was busy with his masterpieces. The perfect comedies—"Much Ado," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It"—were followed

¹ Any reader of Shakspeare will readily recall a similar mood in *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and in other less striking passages.

by the great tragedies. Critics are fain to trace a connection between the conspiracy of Essex in 1601¹ and this tragic mood of the poet, who is thought to have found a patron in the earl, and would thus, after the ruin of the plot and the swift work of the headsman, naturally turn to kindred subjects for his art. Such would be the splendid failure of Brutus and Cassius; in any case, the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" followed hard upon the death of Essex. Then came "Hamlet," and that comedy which is forever trembling on the verge of tragedy, "Measure for Measure;" and then, to borrow Swinburne's fine quotation, the reader approaches those gates of sheer tragedy "with dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms,"—"Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth." What the man was doing at this time is of little moment; we know well enough what the artist was thinking. Of distinct interest, however, for the final period of Shakspeare's authorship, is his life from 1607 to 1611, from the finishing of "Timon" to the finishing of his last play. The dramatic group which critics have assigned to this period bears the stamp of a certain sober optimism, of reconciliations, adjustments, calm. Perhaps these plays belong to a time of ease and of better family relations. Shakspeare's daughter Susanna was married in June, 1607, to Dr. John Hall of Stratford, by all accounts a sensible, energetic physician of good parts and education. He and his wife seem to have lived at New Place, Shakspeare's house, presumably with the poet; and it is not unreasonable to connect the placidity of the so-called romances, "Cymbeline," "Tempest," "Winter's Tale," and the stress which they lay upon recovered domestic peace, with this supposed retirement of Shakspeare.² The grandchild

¹ John Shakspeare died in this year.

² Goethe can be compared with Shakspeare only in the most general way; yet both are "many-sided," both are profoundly human, and

who was born in 1608 may have had her influence on the poet's mood in art, and is not to be relegated to those small-beer chronicles at which Iago sneered, and for which commentators have cherished such a pathetic devotion.

Perhaps, "weary of playing,"¹ Shakspeare had left the stage about 1605. By 1612, perhaps some time before that, he had permanently retired to Stratford, a rich man;² so far as we know, he wrote no more plays for the stage. He was buried April 25, 1616, and tradition—not, at worst, very far wrong—puts his death on his supposed birthday, the 23d. Victor Hugo has trumpeted to the four winds the simultaneous death of Cervantes; but this is a mistake. The Spaniard died April 23, new style; that is, ten days before the death of Shakspeare. With the granddaughter—by her second marriage, Lady Barnard—died in February, 1670, the last of Shakspeare's descendants.

The portraits of Shakspeare have been discussed in books and essays, of which Boaden's work³ takes easy precedence. Critics now agree that the Stratford bust⁴ and the en-

both, as Heine phrased it, were *hübsch objectiv*. It is therefore of interest, in our estimate of the relation between environment and production in the case of Shakspeare, to note how marked though intricate was the effect made upon Goethe's poetry by the events and circumstances of his life.

¹ See the passage from *Ratsey's Ghost*, supposed to refer to Shakspeare. Halliwell-Phillipps prints the chapter in question.

² "*They purchased lands, and now Esquiers are made,*"

says Studioso of the players. (*Return from Parnassus*, Arber, p. 63.)

³ *An Inquiry*, etc., London, 1824. The American student should consult the handsome book by J. Parker Norris, *The Portraits of Shakespeare*, Phila., 1885. For a fair and impartial discussion of the subject, see Elze, *W. S.*, p. 548 ff.

⁴ Originally colored, "eyes a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and partially covered by a loose black gown or tabard, and without sleeves. This, it has been supposed, was the dress worn by the King's Players." (Elze.)

graved portrait prefixed to the first folio edition (1623) of the poet's works—with certificate to the likeness in Ben Jonson's "Lines to the Reader"—are the only portraits of Shakspeare which admit no doubt of genuineness. Neither of these is satisfactory.

II. THE PERIOD.

The Europe, the England, the London, the theatre, the playwrights and poets of Shakspeare's time, can be but briefly noticed. In the first place, events and sentiment did not stand still for the twenty-five years during which the dramatist fought his way from obscurity to permanent fame. When he settled to his work, a thrill of patriotic enthusiasm was running through England.¹ Commercially, he took advantage of this when he made his series of chronicle-plays. Artistically, the mood of the time helped him to turn out such figures as his Hotspur, his Henry V., and above all his bluff and darling Faulconbridge. Humanly, it lifted him to the enthusiasm of that praise of England itself which he puts into the mouth of the dying John of Gaunt.² England in 1612, however, and Shakspeare at forty-eight—here is another state of things. Perspective is needed, moreover, when one speaks of the great intellects of the time. Student and even teacher must be warned against that thaumaturgic fashion in which the popular lecturer loves to serve up a century, an epoch, on his little dish of eloquence—that facile trick of cumulative naming. "The England of Sidney, Burleigh, Daniel, Hooker, Herbert, Bacon, Spenser, Raleigh," and so on; but the lecturer does not stop

¹ Patriotism had been emphasized strongly enough in the "fashionable" and popular *Euphuës*. Lyly was followed in this respect by Greene. See Jusserand, *Eng. Nov.*, p. 168 ff.

² *Rich. II.*, II., i., 40 ff.

to tell us what imports the nomination of these gentlemen. Catch-words about imaginative vigor, vitality, interest and intensity of life, are well as far as they go,¹ but they are always inadequate and often misleading. Still, there are a few general facts which one must bear in mind if only as a preparation for any honest study of the age.

The legend and the romance were respectively sacred and profane answers to that craving for supernatural interference which fettered the medieval reader. The revival of learning; the secularization of arts and sciences; the growth of a sense of proportion, ending at last in what we now call humor;² the new point of view which made man, and not the Church, "servant and interpreter of nature;" the beginning knowledge of a new heaven and a new earth—all these things, to our view, wrought a sort of cataclysm in letters. Romances, one is told, got their finishing stroke from the Spanish knight. If, however, the medieval romance came to an end, romantic literature went on in triumph. It is well to remember that while plays seem to us the most important outcome of the literary life under Elizabeth, they were to a large extent disreputable in the making and in the acting—one has but to think of the elements that made up an audience at a London theatre—and in the printing were not half as popular as those extravagant tales, pamphlets, and poems which the modern reader refuses at any price. The romantic novel "paid" better under Elizabeth, so far as publisher and readers were concerned, than even the most successful play. Moreover, in a humbler sphere, the old

¹ It would take a wide word to cover the "romantic" art in Shakspeare's comedies and the "realistic" art in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

² Even Chaucer's supreme sense of humor, as ten Brink seems to hint, was unable to resist the pressure of medieval tradition, of the spell of legend. Compare his attitude in *Troilus* with the irony, the individual attitude, of Shakspeare in the kindred play.

romances lived again in chap-books, and in ballads which, degenerating into hopeless broadside vulgarity, were hawked about the streets, or else, blending with oral traditions and caught up by the still vital forces of communal poetry, went to enrich our best popular verse.¹ Meanwhile, realism was breaking its way into literature by means of the picaresque novel, the sketches of contemporary life, the confessions, flytings, what not, of that seething Bohemian activity. The romantic, however, far outweighed the realistic. The adventurous, the conventional, the absurd, which here and there surprise us in Shakspeare, vanish utterly from consideration when one thinks of the literary influences which surrounded him. Precisely as a reading of other plays sends us back to his with a positive admiration for his purity of tone, so an excursion among the prose romances, the novels, the narrative poetry of that time, fills us with wonder at the sanity and poise of his art. Better, this sanity, this poise, are actual qualities, felt, and not merely repeated from books. Let the student, therefore, read, or try to read, a representative Elizabethan novel,—say the “*Arcadia*,”—and then come back to Shakspeare.

Everybody knows that the lyrics scattered through Shakspeare's plays are only a degree or so better than much of the kindred verse that one finds in any good Elizabethan anthology. It is evident that the lyric will thrive in a country noted for its love of music, of song and dance; and this was the case with Shakspeare's England.² All men loved good music,—it is needless to

¹ Some of the best English ballads date from this time. Robin Hood still reigned in Warwickshire. Meanwhile, the artificial ballad, in its broadside vulgarity, roused the just ire of Elizabethan poets, and went far to bring disgrace on good and bad alike.

² For the lustier side of the matter, for a right glance at “merry England,” see W. Kemp's *Nine Days' Wonder, Performed in a Dance from London to Norwich* (1600), reprinted by Arber in his *English Garner*, VII., 15 ff.

quote Lorenzo's opinion in the present play,—and song or melody must have been a far more spontaneous expression of feeling than now. When music is invoked to help the choice of Bassanio, it is no foreign, half-imperinent “feature,” but the natural course of things for the audience that saw in music an element of life almost as indispensable as Sir Andrew's “eating and drinking.”¹ What music did for the ear was done for the eye by an exaggerated richness of array, a love of color and decoration. The detailed and gorgeous descriptions which abound in Elizabethan drama are commonly laid to the charge of a corresponding poverty in stage settings, in scenery; but the great love for actual splendor in apparel, buildings, and furnishings would naturally beget a love for aureate phrases and gorgeousness of style.

Merry beyond question, full of song and music, one may picture this England; but the lustiness and splendor of its life must not beguile one into visions of social and civic perfection. What with Macaulay's famous chapter on England in 1685, what with the plays of Congreve and Farquhar, what with our knowledge of English life in the following decades,—Mohocks for the town, and Squire Western for the belated roughness of the country, as if the spirit of Lord Rochester and Wycherley took a generation or so to reach rural districts,—what with these and a hundred minor details, we have come to accept the Restoration as the typically coarse and boisterous age in English life and letters. With more or less vagueness we regard it as a time which had so lapsed from Puritan and even Elizabethan decencies, from the spirit of Sidney no less than from that of Milton, a time so utterly degenerate, that good men like

¹See Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time* (I., 98), who places England of that day above Italy and France in the article of music.

Addison were fain to call a halt, to wage war on swearing, drunkenness, and coarseness, to restore the old order, to champion the amenities of life. On the contrary, one may be sure that Addison and Steele were shrewd literary tradesmen, who turned out wares to suit the time, and were eager to meet halfway a popular desire for morality, coffee, and intelligent conversation.¹ We have no Pepys to tell us about the noble rowdies who made life interesting in the streets of Elizabethan London; but we may be sure that English society then was distinctly more boisterous, more coarse, in some ways even more profane and flippant, than the society of the Restoration.² Against

¹ See J. R. Green's introduction to his *Selected Essays of Addison*.

² The writings of Tom Nash and of Dekker (as his *Guls Horne-booke*) give details enough, but these books are not accessible to the ordinary reader. Dekker's satire, *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London* (1606) is printed in Arber's *English Scholar's Library* (No. 7); but all ages offer material for this sort of work. Stubbes has the same moral and satiric purpose in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, but Harrison's *Description of England* (ed. Furnivall, 1877, for the New Shakespeare Society) is more to the point. The best material is found in incidental descriptions and allusions by writers like Nash or Lodge, or else in modern books like Mr. Hubert Hall's *Society in the Elizabethan Age* (3d ed., London, 1888) based upon actual records. This is an excellent book. Nothing can give the student a better idea of the difference between the periods discussed above, than the story of William Darrell and his struggle for simplest legal rights (Hall, p. 3 ff.), compared with the story—such as it is—of a country gentleman like Addison's *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Mere gossip about the table, the clothes, the manners of sixteenth-century people can be gathered in profusion from Boorde's *Dyetary* (ed. Furnivall, E. E. T. Soc., extra series, No. 10, 1870) and subsequent works (see references in Traill's *Social England*, III., 412); but the teacher will do well not to heap this fare too plentifully for young students. A teacher's casual statement that "fifty-six kinds of wine were found on the table at a certain Elizabethan banquet" may be guaranteed to return in gorgeous precision on every paper in an examination. That "tea and coffee came to England about 1660" is a fact which sticks in a pupil's memory when the *Rape of the Lock* has long faded into mist; and, after all, one is teaching literature. It is

such a background, Portia and the "good" people of Shakspeare's plays stand out in surprising relief. At a time when Arcadian novelists in England were drawing impossible men and women, as prodigious in virtue as miraculous in beauty; and Brantôme, across the channel, himself by no means a vicious man, had been describing actual people of fashion in a walk that was distinctly tortuous, and a conversation not to be remembered, the London actor was putting into his plays characters as good as any in romance and as real as any in Brantôme. That is the everlasting wonder.

Shakspeare wrote his plays for the stage, and the theatre¹ of his time must be taken into account. In 1570 there is no mention of theatres in London; sixty years later one counted there "nineteen playhouses." The pit open to the air, the boxes, the gallants seated directly on the stage, the ludicrously insufficient settings and scenery, the pickpocket caught in his trade and tied during the performance to a stake, the quarrels, the prologue, the clown, the prayer for the queen offered when a play was over, the boys who took women's parts,—these and other details are familiar enough. It is a difficult question, however, how far the audience was reputable, and to what manner of folk Shakspeare looked for patronage and appreciation. Some critics assert that a mere rabble which filled the pit, fast young noblemen who sat on the stage, and a few men of letters admitted on free tickets, made up the jury which had to decide upon the merits of a play. Elze, who is perhaps influenced by modern Ger-

important, however, to reckon with Italian influences on Elizabethan life. Ascham's protests are well known, and may be consulted in Arber's edition of *The Scholemaster*; while Vernon Lee, in her *Euphorion*, has written pleasantly of the Italian influence upon the drama of that time.

¹ Elze's chapter (*W. S.*, pp. 197 ff.) gives all needed material, along with further references.

man customs, and thinks of a place whither men take their families, and wives take their knitting, is ardent for an Elizabethan audience of decorum and discretion. On the whole, it is probable that the stage, though not disreputable in our extreme sense of the word, fell far short of respectability. Perhaps the race-track of our time, especially in America, would offer some resemblance in point of repute. Good people agreed that the theatre was demoralizing, often vicious, and went to it, from time to time, to be sure that their views were sound. Moreover, here was the liveliest political discussion, here the latest catchword of the town, here a new song, a dance, here, above all, an outlet for the active intellectual vigor of the day. The neighborhood, in the case of certain prominent theatres, was absolutely low, a Botany Bay of morals; but tastes were not so nice as now. Noblemen patronized the stage, often from purely literary motives; and, of course, a calling which was countenanced by royalty could not be classed with mere rascality and vagabondage. On the other hand, the city, with its strongly Puritan element, opposed theatres to the uttermost.¹ The play itself began about one o'clock; and by the time of James, spectators had taken to smoking tobacco during the performance. It is not certain that the better class of women consistently shunned the theatre, but the bulk of the audience was undoubtedly made up of men.

Elizabethan activity in letters and in learning must be mentioned, if only in the briefest way.² The poets were all blessing Sir Philip Sidney, and there was brave dis-

¹ Puritans finally succeeded in closing the theatres, and kept them closed till the Restoration. This would indicate, by a broad generalization, that the highest and the lowest classes were chief patrons of the Elizabethan stage. The population of London in 1580 was about 120,000. (Traill, *Social England*, III., 375.)

² Ryland's *Chronological Outlines of English Literature* should be in the hands of every teacher of English.

cussion about rhythm and metre. Translation was extraordinarily active, and was by no means confined to the classical tongues. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" appeared in Italy in 1581; in 1594 Carew's English version came out, followed in 1600 by the version of Fairfax.¹ Travels, voyages, and chronicles were eagerly read. Novels in Italian and French furnished many plots of the drama. Pamphleteering, not yet cut and thrust even, but mainly fist and cudgel, went on merrily, and often took the form of dialogue, as in a Puritan tract against the bishops,² whence a side-light on Shylock's trade may be had, along with other hints. Satire had fairly begun with Gascoigne's "Steel Glass," to be followed by the sharper work of Marston and of Hall. Escape from the infelicities of life, meanwhile, was at hand as never before or since in our letters; for "The Faerie Queene" began to appear in 1590, the Arcadian and other romances abounded,³ and lyrics flourished everywhere. Prose, one is told, begins with Dryden; but Bacon's "Essays" and Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" remind one of the vanity of dogmatizing, while there is plenty of vigorous English in the prose of Shakspeare himself. Antiquarian research was represented by Camden and Selden, and there was a great stir in philology.⁴ Scholars, of course,

¹ Jusserand, *The English Novel* (p. 74 ff.), gives interesting details of this activity.

² *On the State of the Church*, by John Udall, 1588, ed. Arber, *Engl. Schol. Lib.*, No. 5.

³ On this subject see Jusserand's excellent work on the *English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, already cited. The influence of Lyly's *Euphues* will be mentioned in the notes to the present play.

⁴ The student of English should be interested in the great zeal shown under Elizabeth for the study of our ancient tongue. Special type was made for the printing of books in Anglo-Saxon. While this interest in Anglo-Saxon was mainly of legal, antiquarian, and theological origin, the study of literature had its distinct profit. See Wülker, *Grundriss zur Geschichte der angelsächsischen Litteratur*, p. 2 ff.

were active for the classics of all tongues and times ; while the man of fashion made a point of knowing, or seeming to know, modern letters. "Sirrah Boy," says Amoretto to his page,¹ "remember me when I come in Paul's Churchyard to buy a 'Ronsard' and 'Dubartas' in French, and 'Aretine' in Italian, and our hardest writers in Spanish ; they will sharpen my wits gallantly."

Of all these elements, however, which made up the intellectual environment of Shakspeare, we must reckon as most important a certain balance between the new rationalism, the new science,—as laid down in Bacon's incidental remark about weather superstitions² no less certainly than in his famous scheme,—the new impulse for change and reform in industry, commerce, and statecraft, on one hand, and, on the other hand, old traditions, old superstitions, fragments of the medieval spell, which still spoke in more or less imperative tones to the Elizabethan, and got for answer the *So have I heard, and do in part believe it* of a lapsing but lingering faith. No age of our literature ever looked both before and after so eagerly and so far. Finally, personal influence was more potent than the printer's ink of our day. There were great men then in England, we all know,—lawyers like Coke, statesmen like Burleigh, courtiers like Raleigh ; but we are apt to forget how much they came into contact with the mass of citizens,³ how much the oral and eye-to-eye influence of intercourse on the street, in the tavern, at Paul's, and wherever else, prevailed over the indirect means of intercourse familiar to us. Hence much of the directness and vitality of the Elizabethan drama, which, after all possible reserva-

¹ *Return from Parnassus*, III., iii.

² *Of Vicissitude of Things*, Essays, ed. W. A. Wright, p. 233 : "There is a toy which I have heard, and I would not have it given over, but waited upon a little."

³ Traill, *Social England*, III., 378-383.

tions about romantic and artificial conditions, is a faithful copy of the life from which it sprang.

Coming to the narrowest circle of all, one finds it impossible to give in brief compass any adequate description of this drama itself and of the men who made it. The rapid progress from miracle-plays and moralities to clumsy tragedies like "Gorboduc," and clever but academic comedies like "Ralph Roister Doister," is nothing compared with the leap from these to the plays of Marlowe and of Shakspeare. Precisely here, however, one must guard against the tendency, inevitable in discussions of literary epochs, to lose, or at least to neglect, perspective. Shakspeare, as Professor Wendell reminds us, began his work as a playwright with Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Lyly as his only rivals, and with stage surroundings which were distinctly Bohemian if not absolutely disreputable. The concluding decade of his career must have found the stage in better repute—let one consider the character as well as the ability of George Chapman, the energy of Ben Jonson—and the playwright on a higher social plane. The opening of the fifth act of "The Return from Parnassus"—acted in 1602—represents the poor Cambridge scholars driven to fiddle for a living, while they rail at upstart actors—

"Those glorious vagabonds
That carried erst their fardels ¹ on their backs"—

and may now ride on fine horses, wear satin, keep their pages, buy lands, and are made "esquires." Now, this swift rise of the player from beggary to the state of a country gentleman is not only typical of the fortunes of the stage; it corresponds to a startling development of English literature in general. Just as the Shakspeare of the tragedies differs from the Shakspeare of "The

¹ Burdens.

Comedy of Errors" or "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," so the stage of Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, differed from the stage of Peele and Greene, so the distinctly English quality of the literature which now came to life differed from the half-tentative work of 1588. Remembering this need of perspective, then, it becomes doubly interesting to ascertain the date of our play. We shall find "The Merchant of Venice," as it lies before us, to belong to the early middle period of Shakspeare's activity. In its romantic tone, its easy diction, its brightness, there is every mark of the poet's early and cheerful vigor. In the balance, the occasional earnestness, the glimpse of tragic possibilities, the inevitable character of phrase and word, we have Shakspeare the artist and rounded man. No more satisfactory play can be chosen for the beginner, and there is no better appreciation of its individual excellence than the remarks made by Swinburne¹ on the group to which our drama belongs. "It is in the middle period of his work that the language of Shakespeare is most limpid in its fulness, the style most pure, the thought most transparent through the close and luminous raiment of perfect expression. The conceits and crudities of the first stage are outgrown and cast aside; the harshness and obscurity which at times may strike us as among the notes of his third manner have as yet no place in the flawless work of this second stage. That which has to be said is not yet too great for perfection of utterance; passion has not yet grappled with thought in so close and fierce an embrace as to strain and rend the garment of words, though stronger and subtler than ever was woven of human speech."

¹ *A Study of Shakespeare*, p. 66 ff.

III. THE WORKS OF SHAKSPERE.

Besides his poems, the “Venus and Adonis,” the “Lucrece,” and the “Sonnets,”¹ there are thirty-seven plays recognized by modern critics as the work of Shakspeare. Of these, all appeared in the folio of 1623, except “Pericles,” which appeared as quarto in 1609, and was taken into the third folio (1664). “The Two Noble Kinsmen” was published in 1684 as the joint work of Fletcher and Shakspeare.² This first folio, edited by Shakspeare’s “fellows,” Heming and Condell, seven years after the death of the poet, is authority for eighteen plays not previously published; of the other plays,³ editions in quarto had appeared; and eight of these—among them two editions of “The Merchant of Venice”—were published in the year 1600.⁴ The folio makes no attempt at chronological order, beginning with one of the latest plays.⁵ The quartos, of course, give the dates of publica-

¹ *Venus and Adonis*, 1593; *Lucrece*, 1594; *Sonnets*, 1609.

² See a paper in the first volume of the *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, on Shakspeare’s share in this play:

³ *Rich. II.*, *Rich. III.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love’s Labor’s Lost*, *First and Second Henry IV.*, *Much Ado*, *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Henry V.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Merry Wives*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pericles*. *Othello* was published in quarto in 1622, the year before the first folio appeared.

⁴ Quarto was, of course, the earlier form for plays; but with the folio edition of Ben Jonson’s works, in 1616, “the drama was admitted into the actual sphere of literature,” for folio “had previously been the sacred and privileged form for the work of scholars.” See Elze, *W. S.*, p. 284, who gives all necessary details and references for this subject of the quartos and folios. As the republished plays in the folio are demonstrably printed when possible from a quarto, it is clear that we have no one authoritative text of Shakspeare’s works.

⁵ A second folio appeared in 1632, a third in 1664 with certain additional plays, all of which (except *Pericles*, already mentioned) are probably not connected with Shakspeare. A fourth folio appeared in 1685.

tion, and hence some help for determining the time of composition ; but exactness is out of the question. Along with scanty direct evidence,¹ the current lists are made up from inferences based upon reference to some event or person, upon style and sentiment, upon metrical considerations, and upon facts known or assumed in the life of the poet. It seems to be beyond question that Shakspeare gave himself more license, as time went on, with regard to the structure of his verse. Rimed verses are less frequent ; the sense refuses to stop with the end of a verse, but surges into the following verse ; mere smoothness is more and more disdained ; and in every way the poet approaches the freedom of prose.² Mr. Spedding has called attention to this metrical difference between two passages written one about 1597, or earlier, and the other about 1607, both describing “ the face of a beautiful woman just dead.”³ In “ Romeo and Juliet ” one reads :

“ Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff.
Life and those lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the fairest flower of all the field.”

In “ Antony and Cleopatra : ”

“ If they had swallowed poison, ’twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.”

There seems to be no doubt that Shakspeare made this progress in handling blank verse ; but when one attempts to construct a definite chronological list of the plays on the basis of this known progress, together with certain other metrical changes from the early style to the late,

¹ Such is the list made by Meres in 1598.

² Details will be given in the special remarks on metre.

³ *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, I., 30.

one meets with grave difficulties. It is preposterous to assume that there were no reactions, no recurrence to an earlier manner, no anticipations. Still, if one makes ample allowance for these things, and if one controls one's inference by the use of all possible checks, all existing material of other kinds, one must be allowed to put a definite value on the so-called metrical tests. On the whole, the table so carefully prepared by Professor Dowden may be looked upon as the nearest approach to a chronological list of the plays which is possible in the present state of information. In his well-known book,¹ he has arranged the plays in a series of groups. First come the plays² which Shakspeare is thought to have revised for the stage, merely touching them here and there—"Titus Andronicus" and "I. Henry VI." Thence, about 1590, the playwright began actual composition with his comedies, "Love's Labor's Lost," "Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Midsummer Night's Dream," working meanwhile (with Marlowe?) on "II. and III. Henry VI." and "Richard III." His first tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet," may have been written as early as 1591, and revised thoroughly before its appearance in quarto in 1597; in any case, as we have it, it belongs, with the "Midsummer Night's Dream," to a distinctly surer and stronger stage of Shakspeare's art than the other plays just named. This second period claims "Richard II." and "King John," written probably when Shakspeare was thirty years old; "The Merchant of Venice," which may be assigned without great chance of error to 1596; the two parts of "Henry IV." and "Henry V.," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The

¹ *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*. See also his *Shakspeare Primer*, p. 56 ff.

² There is no ground for supposing that any important plays by Shakspeare have been lost.

Merry Wives." The end of the century is commonly accepted as marking the middle point of Shakspeare's work as a playwright, and the so-called second period also finds its end here with three exquisite comedies—"Much Ado," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night." If, now, we accept this general scheme as presented by Professor Dowden—and, while it is by no means certain, it is well removed from guess-work—it is reasonable to suppose that the man and the artist alike began to find absorbing interest in the tragic side of things. Comedies that belie the name now appear—"All's Well," "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida." Tragedies begin with "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet," and then culminate in "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth." It is safe to set "Lear" about 1605, and the other two join the group by a sort of irresistible attraction. "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," and "Timon" close this third period. The fourth period claims the romances, as they are inadequately called, plays of reconciliation and adjustment, of serenity. First comes the charming little play of "Marina," which critics have picked out of the repulsive framework of "Pericles;" then "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," and "The Winter's Tale" complete this final group. In "Henry VIII.," printed in Shakspeare's works, and in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," the playwright is thought to have worked with John Fletcher, closing his dramatic career as he began it, in a partnership.

IV. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Two quarto editions of this play were published in 1600,—what is known as the first quarto by J. Roberts, and the second quarto by Thomas Heyes.¹ In the Regis-

¹ The Variorum Edition of Dr. Furness, which should be consulted on all questions of detail, appeared in 1888. For material since that date, see Bibliography.

ter of the Stationers' Company the first quarto was entered in 1598, with proviso that it should not be printed "without license first had from the . . . Lord Chamberlain;" the second quarto was entered for Heyes "by consent of Master Roberts." The play was reprinted as quarto in 1637 and in 1652.¹ The folio of 1623, like the late quartos just mentioned, simply reprints the quarto of Heyes. As a text, the first quarto is preferred by Dr. Furness, by the late Professor Delius—one of the best German editors—and by the editors of the Cambridge Shakspeare.² As to the date of composition, conjecture ranges between 1594 and 1598. If, with Dr. Furnivall, we make it "about 1596," we shall not go far astray.³ As to the sources, while the caskets are found in the "Gesta Romanorum," not to speak of remoter origins; and while the story of the bond, likewise flotsam and jetsam of that old current from the East, and likewise appearing in the "Gesta Romanorum," can be traced to a literature of which Shakspeare never heard,⁴ it is probable enough that the poet, as in so many other cases, found

¹ An interesting coincidence is noted by Mr. J. W. Hales in regard to this date. Cromwell, Blake, and Monk were then considering the petition of the Jews—long before expelled—for leave to return to England. See Furness, *Var.*, p. 273.

² By the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the Cambridge text has been used for the present edition. The objection urged by Professor Schröer (*Shaks. Jahrbuch*, XXX., 354 ff.) against the Cambridge edition—that it aims to make a good text for modern readers, not a text corrected by diligent study of Elizabethan English to the nearest possible resemblance to Shakspeare's original manuscript—has no weight in the present instance.

³ Conrad, in his *Metrische Untersuchungen, etc.*, *Jahrbuch*, XXXI., 326, thinks that 1595 is indicated by the structure of the verse in this play.

⁴ The earliest mention of this bargain of flesh for gold is in the *Cursor Mundi*, not later than the beginning of the fourteenth century, and a storehouse of legends. See *Variorum*, p. 313.

his material to his hand in some older play.¹ This sup-

¹ The story is told, however, in liberal detail by an Italian of the fourteenth century, in a narrative inserted in his book, *Il Pecorone*, which may well have been translated into English in the time of Shakspeare, and may have been known in this way to him, although no such translation is on record. This tale is printed in the original, with an English translation at the foot of the page, in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, edited anew by Hazlitt, London, 1875, Part I., Vol. I., p. 319 ff. Here too will be found the passage from Silvan's *Orator*, referred to below, the story from the *Gesta Romanorum*, and the two ballads, *Gernutus* and *The Northern Lord*. These all cover some sixty pages. In the *Variorum*, Dr. Furness has given them in somewhat briefer form, along with other material. To trace all the variations of the casket story and the story of the pound of flesh is surely idle. "Their connection with Shakespeare's Shylock and Antonio," says Dr. Furness, "is the thinnest gossamer." The tale in *Il Pecorone* is really the most interesting of these alleged "sources," and a brief abstract may be given here. Giannetto, left penniless, goes to his godfather Ansaldo, a rich merchant of Venice, who adopts him as his son. Giannetto desires to see the world, and his godfather fits out a vessel for him, richly laden with goods. With two companions, likewise in charge of ships with valuable merchandise, Giannetto sets sail, and soon they come to a port where, his friends tell him, dwells a widow "who has ruined many men." If a man can win her love, he marries her and is lord of all that land; if he fails, he forfeits his ship and goods. Giannetto essays, his vessels sailing on; but his wine is drugged, and he fails, losing all he brought. Arrived at Venice, he is ashamed to see Ansaldo, but finally tells him he was wrecked, and barely escaped with his life. Then Giannetto longs to make another voyage. Ansaldo gives him a ship, as before, freighting it with nearly all he is worth in the world. Again the comrades set sail. Giannetto comes by night to The Port of the Lady of *Belmonte*, and slips away from the others. The lady notices his ship in the morning, asks her maid about it, and receives an answer (like Nerissa's) favorable to the adventurer. The same things happen as on the first visit; again Giannetto receives a horse and some money, and fares back to Venice. Ansaldo has to sell estates to satisfy his creditors. Again the comrades return, and again they propose another voyage which shall right all. Ansaldo sells all he has, and borrows ten thousand ducats of a Jew, the penalty of non-payment by the next June to be a pound of his flesh, cut from any part of his body. Ansaldo says that if misfortune overtakes him, he wishes to see Giannetto before the end. This time

position, plausible enough in itself, is made likely by a reference—first pointed out by Warton,¹—in Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse," a predecessor of Jeremy Collier's fiercer onslaught, to "The Jew . . . showne at the Bull, . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers"—that is, probably, the episode of the caskets—"and bloody mindes of usurers"—apt enough for a description of the story of Shylock and Antonio. Dr. Furness even finds in our "Merchant of Venice" traces of this older play.² Finally, the famous "Jew of Malta," written before 1590, must have had its influence upon a playwright who had learned many a lesson in his art from the example of Marlowe.³

a damsel of the lady warns Giannetto about the drugged wine, and he wins the mistress of Belmonte, taking the lordship of that land. He forgets Ansaldo; but at last, at sight of a procession, is reminded that the Jew's bond is forfeit that day. He tells the lady, is loaded with ducats, and hurries to Venice. She, however, follows him, disguised as a lawyer. The Jew refuses Giannetto's proffer of money, and demands the pound of flesh. The lady causes her fame as a lawyer to be noised abroad, and Giannetto and the Jew agree to refer the question to so great a jurist. Ansaldo is stripped naked, and the Jew is about to cut the flesh with a razor, when the lawyer stops him. "No blood! If a drop, off goes your head!" The Jew, in a rage, tears the bond to pieces. As reward, the lawyer asks for Giannetto's ring, and goes. Giannetto and Ansaldo go to Belmonte, where the lady feigns anger, quibbles about some woman who has the ring, and reveals the whole story. Giannetto gives as wife to Ansaldo the damsel who had advised him about the wine.

¹ All this material is collected, sifted, and valued by Dr. Furness in his appendix *On the Source of the Plot*.

² *Ibid.*, p. 321. Further, a passage in Silvayn's *Orator*, a French collection of model pleas or "declamations"—translated into English, 1596—may have been read by Shakspeare, with results in Shylock's speech at the trial. (*Variorum*, p. 310 ff.)

³ Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, I., 188 ff., makes an elaborate comparison of the two plays.

V. CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLAY.

It is the fashion nowadays to follow in closest detail the steps of Shakspeare's artistic and professional triumph in turning the narrative material, or in this case, perhaps, the unknown play, into the drama which lies before us.¹ We are told that "The Merchant of Venice" is a play "of Nemesis;"² and so it is, if we choose to read it in that light. Antonio represents "self-sufficiency," and so we may understand him. But is it necessary to assume that Shakspeare had the special idea of Nemesis in his mind, and is it necessary to regard Antonio as a type of self-sufficiency, with a narrow escape from horrible death as the result of this fault? Did an Elizabethan audience need any such sauce as the notion of Nemesis to make the Jew's fate palatable? Read³ what a good Christian, a moral, self-contained, and highly pious man, thought of usurers in that day, and one will be reminded of the temper of a modern mob of "good citizens" bent on lynching a horse-thief or a guilty negro. But take the pound of flesh. It is absurd as law, a futile thing; it offends the common sense of every one; wherefore let us see how the mighty artist escapes this snare. He makes, Professor Moulton tells us, the whole affair probable and decent by a subtle suggestion of "flesh" as opposed to "metal,"—to the notion, repulsive to Antonio, that a metal can "breed." How can metal breed metal? Well,

¹ Readers of this mind may enjoy the analysis of our play made by Professor Moulton in his *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, pp. 43-89. For a hostile opinion of this book, see Professor Dowden in *The Academy*, August 29, 1885 (p. 127).

² Shakspeare counted it, in all probability, as a comedy, according to the medieval idea which regarded alone the fatal or harmless outcome of the plot. See an excellent discussion of the matter by ten Brink, *Shakspeare*, pp. 110-113, 119.

³ Udall's *State of the Church of England*, cited above.

suggests Shylock, horribly, how about flesh, as in the case of Jacob's cattle? Let one say a pound of flesh, if that will suit Antonio better than the other offspring. Thus "inductive criticism" analyzes dramatic construction, and cannily puts us at the heart of Shakspeare's artistic methods. But did Shakspeare reason this so finely? Did his audience need the subtlety? As Jusserand would bid us, let us read a romance or two of the sort Shakspeare's people loved, and come back to the play, cheerfully prepared for any absurdity whatever. Analysis of this subtle sort is good in the case of Browning,¹ because the men and women of real life, from whom the poet drew his figures, are of our own time and habit of thought; but on the plan of speculation about Browning we psychologize Shakspeare, and disdain the sure, slow-footed way of historical and comparative criticism based at every step on the widest possible study of the artist's material, his language, and of the temper of his time. Let us ask a question in point. When Shakspeare used for this play the story of the caskets, was he working out artistically what Professor Moulton calls the Problem of Judgment by Appearances, with an actual case in which "there is the maximum of importance in the issue to be decided, and the minimum of evidence by which to decide it"? Or was he eagerly grasping a fine "situation" for the stage, with opportunity for good groupings, suspense on the part of the spectators, and a bit of music—a situation which he proceeded to sketch with perfect and often unconscious dramatic tact, and with his inevitable felicity of phrase and rhythm? It is heresy; but we choose the latter alternative.

Let us study this play, then, as a play, a drama, an "imitated action," in which (here is the dramatic tri-

¹ See the excellent analysis of Browning's *Last Duchess* in L. A. Sherman's *Analytics of Literature*, p. 202 ff.

umph) the events or plot mean nothing to us except as things which happen to certain human beings in whom we feel absorbing interest; let us not study it as a series of artistic and psychological triumphs, not, above all, as a theory worked out in dramatic form. If we wish to analyze the construction of this play, it is well to do it by a study of Shakspeare's other dramas; or, if we would enlarge the borders of comparison, to study the advance made in the characterization of Shakspeare as compared with the marvelous work of Chaucer in his vivid descriptions. Compare, say, the Squire with Romeo, the Wife of Bath with Mrs. Quickly. To understand Shakspeare's attitude in regard to Portia and Bassanio—where every reader feels that my lord has far the best of the bargain—let us not rouse heaven and earth to show that this admired proportion is precisely what we should expect from right psychology and perfect art, but let us soberly study the point of view which Shakspeare had to take. It is the same notion of woman's place in matters of the sort which one finds in Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale," in the fine ballad of "Child Waters,"¹ and in many late medieval poems,—but with a difference. The woman is the central and superior figure in all these cases, with the medieval idea of submission as a foil. "My Lord Bassanio!" cries Portia in too facile surrender, and hails him her lord, her governor, her king. Only my Lord Bassanio has sloughed the brutality, the caprice, which were matters of course in medieval eyes.

In the same way one must be desperately wary how he accepts the "central purpose," the "fundamental idea," and whatever else of the sort. In a recent novel, Mr. Thomas Hardy makes his hero go with trembling thanks

¹ A similar motive in the well-known *Nut-Brown Maid* is of particular interest because of the assumption by modern critics that the poem was composed by a woman.

to the composer of some music which has thrilled the susceptible youth to the heart. Meaning and suggestion and purpose are all so clear ! But the upshot of the visit is blank dismay for the visitor ; apparently the composer put no such message whatever into his work. Did Shakspeare write his plays with distinct moral purpose ? At once the critic turns to the play in question, searches, muses, psychologizes, and comes to his conclusion by a path perilously near "the old *priori* road." Is his answer affirmative ?—he bids us see for ourselves how the play has its purpose writ large upon it.¹ Is the answer negative ?—brave talk of art for art's sake. But the slow-footed method of historical comparison and verbal criticism cannot make these fine leaps along the smooth way of modern thinking. What did these words mean for the dramatist, and what habits of thought held him to his time ? Did he aim at a moral, and did his plays bear a definite purpose ? Certainly the middle ages, if they stood for anything in literature, stood for a moral and stood for allegory. "Take the *morality* thereof, good men !" was no jest even for "tales of solace." The application of letters to conduct was a matter of course. Did this state of things hold over with the revival of learning, and is it to be found in the drama ? Certainly allegory died hard, as Dunbar teaches us,—the first English poet with that modern note which the French first heard in Villon. Probably few passages in "Hamlet"—barring that famous "Revenge !"—pleased its hearers more than the elaborate rules for conduct given by Polonius to Laertes ;² and we may be sure that highly moral

¹ It is only fair to refer the reader to Professor Moulton's chapter called, in subordinate title, "A Study in Central Ideas," in which he contends that such an idea can be found in a given play by a purely inductive process.

² Schipper, *William Dunbar*, p. 307, thinks these lines to be derived from the same source as Dunbar used for his *Rewl of Anis Self*.

speeches were as acceptable to an Elizabethan pit as they are now to a gallery of "toughs" in a Bowery theatre. But the fundamental moral or psychological idea of a whole play is quite another matter; and study of the Elizabethan drama seems to warrant a denial of such intentions.¹ The drama, like the story of any great event, holds a moral in solution; and the purging of the mind "through pity and terror"² is a moral result of the highest sort. There is, however, no specific, no intentional moral in one of Shakspeare's dramas, while there is the keenest interest in the play of cause and effect between a chosen group of characters and a chosen series of events.³ Yet great critics like Gervinus soberly enlighten us in regard to Shakspeare's "darker purpose" in each play. "The intention of the poet in 'The Merchant of Venice,'" he says, "was to depict the relation of man to property." Bassanio's remarks on the caskets, the critic goes on to explain, show what Shakspeare thought of the value to be put on money. Shylock is avarice, Bassanio prodigality; Antonio is a passive mean between these extremes, while Portia plays the nobler because the more active part.⁴

¹ See Dowden, *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*, p. 25.

² The concluding lines of *Samson Agonistes* cannot be quoted too often as the noblest possible comment on Aristotle's definition.

³ It is interesting to note that while Shakspeare's comedies have no avowed moral, Ben Jonson makes the moral his real aim. Conversely, while Shakspeare is "romantic," and uses all splendor of diction, cheerily dealing in absurdities and illusions, Ben is "realistic" and insists on natural language, unforced diction, and everyday persons and scenes. The locality is London, the characters are merchants and the like; while Shakspeare clings to the conventional and foreign.—A paper by Aronstein on *Ben Jonson's Theorie des Lustspiels* in the *Anglia*, xvii., 466 ff., contains some useful hints about Ben's art.

⁴ *Shakespeare Commentaries*, trans. by F. E. Bunnett, I., 326.—It is on similar lines of analysis that Professor Sherman works: see his *Analytics of Literature*, p. 93 ff., where into Shakspeare's practice is forced a theory which Shakspeare himself, who did not know his Hegel, would hardly have understood on any terms.

Now there is no objection against this process so far as it tells in each case "what Shakspeare has done for me." One is glad that Professor Moulton got so clear an idea of Nemesis from our play, that Gervinus came to such sound notions about money ; but the "what I have done for Shakspeare" is another matter. Certainly the average schoolboy cannot be dragged through all this comment, and live. He can breathe the tonic air, the moral air, of the drama, and be the better for it ; but a prudent teacher will shun such analysis of motives, such perpetual discussion about what Shakspeare intended by this character or by that event,—a process impertinent as comment and disastrous as theory. As bad, almost, is the tendency of certain critics to pester us with shrieks of admiration at every other passage ; such a critic unceasingly bids us doff hat to the supreme artist, finding—sly fellow—a stroke of genius lurking behind every semicolon. The reader's peace is gone ; and powder, as Emerson puts it, is laid under every man's breakfast-table.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

THE first thing that strikes us in "The Merchant of Venice" is its interest, its entertaining quality. People like to see it on the stage, and they like to read it in the book. The schoolboy will like it ; and the first business of the teacher is to raise about it no bewildering mist of comment. This is a negative virtue. It helps to bring about that stimulation of interest in good books which is one of the main objects of the course in English.¹ The second and harder task is to lead this interest along the line of honest work, lesson-getting, study, so that the boy will be better prepared to read and understand another play of Shakspeare, and will have definite results in the knowledge of literature. To attain this end there must be hard study of the language of the play, deliberate work upon the grammar and vocabulary. Against this supposed lame and impotent conclusion there are arsenals of invective ready at hand ; but the teacher of any experience knows that with ninety-nine classes out of a hundred it is a necessary conclusion. It may be laid down as a principle in this matter that the most vigorous investigation of words and syntax will do no harm to the appreciation of the play, provided always that the understanding of the play itself, and not a grand philological *battue*, not an exhibition of the teacher's knowledge, be the ob-

¹ Whatever one may think of such analysis of the dramatic art as is set forth by Professor Moulton (see the second part of the book already cited), it seems fairly evident that, except in the form of a simple summary of the parts of the plot, it is not suited for classes in school.

ject of the work. For a lover of Shakspeare, the more he knows about Shakspeare's words and sentences, the better ; and Landor's pretty saying will not apply here, that

“Ignorance
Never hurt devotion.”

A class comes together to work ; words and syntax make work ; while appreciations and æsthetic comment, valuable as flourish, adornment, solace, can never yield that solid basis of work without which a class inevitably goes to pieces. A critical study of the language of the play is the foundation of all work in the class-room ; but this criticism must never be centrifugal or distracting. When an editor or a teacher makes his book or class-room a philological junk-shop, he loses hold of his subject, kills the interest of his class, and furnishes another “awful example” for gentlemen who are so anxious about studying literature as literature. Presumably, too, the play was put into metrical form for a purpose, and the scholar must understand the principles which govern Shakspeare's verse. Professor Corson has rightly insisted upon the intelligent reading of this verse, and upon a proper cultivation of the voice. The play was meant—far more than modern poetry is meant—for the ear ; and to bring out the sense of the line by reading which shall neither run to mere sing-song, nor yet disguise the metre, is the clear duty of every teacher. Cutting up verses into feet is only dissection of a corpse. The verse moves ; and that delicate interplay of the single verse-scheme with what is called the rhythmic period, holds the secret of rhythm, the secret of formal poetry. Metrical analysis can be overdone ; but in a play which contains such passages of pure rhythm as one finds in the opening lines of the fifth act of “*The Merchant of Venice*,” the metre must not be neglected. The pupil should feel as far as he can the

delicate response of verse to mood, as in the change from ease to labor of two verses like Hamlet's

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain."

Language and rhythm provided for, there remains the construction of the play itself, the plot, the story. This is no difficult matter for a class of young students who love the *quidquid agunt homines* even more than the teacher loves it, and who may be trusted to keep on close terms with the actual story. It is a good plan at the close of a lesson to require a statement of what has been done in the play so far, with an occasional "What did Portia say to that?" to stimulate memory of the dialogue. Written exercises, too, of this sort have their use. The student, moreover, should be made to keep his eye on the progress of the action, to mark links, gaps, transitions. He should be reminded that with no scene-shifting of any importance, dramatic progress was more swift than now. Where, too, does the action linger? What are the critical moments? What does each act do for the progress of things?

Again, there are the characters. Here, too, the doctrine of a "central idea" should be used with extreme caution. It is no good result when the scholar emerges from his study of this play, strong in the faith that the character of Portia was designed and worked out by the artist in order that she might deliver her fine address on mercy. It is bad, even, for a scholar to get the notion that this exquisite appeal to Shylock is the keynote to Portia's character, her typical utterance, mark of her mood,—something she would have said, if she had thought of it, to Nerissa or to Bassanio. Divorce, on the other hand, this appeal from any hint of set and intended virtue; look at it as an outcome of the dramatic situation,

where a great occasion works to great purpose upon the intense womanliness and loveliness of this most womanly and most lovely of all Shakspeare's women.¹ Meanwhile, the characters themselves may be characterized, may be studied and grouped. Gratiano, for instance, suggests at once Mercutio in the tragedy; but Mercutio is more lovable, and is made of finer stuff. Bassanio's comrade chatters and drolls it to the end, sharing his friend's fortune; while in the tragedy, with respect to the narrowing intensity of interest in the fate of the lovers, Mercutio's jokes are soon cut short by the death which finally overtakes his fellow.² As to Shylock, there is so much to say that the teacher, unless he be careful to a degree, will bury the Jew under a landslide of comment and explanation. Hudson, Dowden, and other commentators may be drawn upon with profit; but when all is said, there is Shylock, and if the pupil feels the personality, the intense reality, of the actual man, he can dispense with critical views of what Shakspeare "meant" by the character. It is perilous to quote Herder in these days; but if anything good has ever been said about the Homeric poems, it is that famous advice: "Read Homer as if you heard him singing in the street!" So of Shakspeare and

¹ "My ideal of a perfect woman," said Mrs. Kemble; but she surely meant "perfect" to include a host of pretty failings. Portia is impossible to the Sanford-and-Merton conception of things. Indeed, literature has become so "allusive," that the characters of Shakspeare are little better than hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are made to serve such incongruous masters, and are sent on such preposterous errands, we forget they are their own masters and belong with their own people. Portia makes certain memorable remarks about mercy and forgiveness; but let us remember that she lives at Belmont with her husband, one Bassanio, and has no mind to dust the moralist's or the critic's study-table.

² See also the comparison with scenes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and remarks on Shakspeare's "economy of invention," in Wendell's *William Shakspeare*, p. 147 ff.

his characters one may say : Read them as if you heard them talking in the room. They are real enough.

The pervading difficulty in all teaching of English literature lies in the twofold appeal made by literature itself—the appeal to personal interest and the appeal to impersonal interest. The personal interest is obvious, immediate, unscientific. One “likes” a poem, reads it, quotes it, gets the poet’s picture. The old style of study and criticism kept this interest in view ; it discussed taste, and told people what they ought to read. The other sort of interest is impersonal ; it claims less admiration and more study ; it dismisses the personal relation to an author, and regards letters as a whole, as an institution, with periods of rise and fall, as a thing of development, reactions, influences exerted or received ; it strikes the balance-sheet of a given literature, and reckons with borrowings and lendings. Obedient to the ruling impulse of our day, the study of literature has come to be historical, comparative, and methodic, covering a territory so vast that division of labor is forced upon its followers. Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold combined in a manner the old and the new methods ;¹ but they were not of the scientific school, and did little for origins and sources. Probably these two camps will continue hostile forever, and at every clash “pedant !” will voice the defiance of one, and “dilettante !” the contempt of the other. In these latter days, however, another doctrine has come to light, which shuns the laborious and minute investigation of the historical school, and yet scorns the exsufflicate and blown surmise of personal criticism. It borrows its method from science, from the laboratory,

¹ Arnold’s *Study of Celtic Literature* shows this double purpose, but with the personal note dominant ; the late Professor ten Brink’s work in English literature is a better instance of successful combination.

and takes its materials from the same sources to which Portia's friend, the young baron of England, applied for his clothing and behavior. In some respects the new doctrine is successful. Where it insists that the student shall use his own powers of observation, shall do for himself what others used to do for him, or, perhaps, never did at all, the results are welcome and salutary. It should not be held responsible for all the nonsense which gregarious study of Browning, or of Ibsen, or of whatever literary whim, has brought forth among half-educated people. Leaning hard on modern psychology, it achieves through competent representatives a distinct success in dealing with modern poets like Browning. On the other hand, it does harm in two ways. The name often given to it begs the whole question; for it is yet to be proved that methods of the laboratory are applicable to the material of literature. More to the present purpose is the harm this doctrine can do when used to encourage the vice of our time, making a half-taught student thrust his drag-net into a sea of muddy thinking, setting him to glib chatter of "Dante and Darwin," of cheap biology, physics, psychology, music, painting, and what not. This is hardly to be desired on any terms, and certainly has no place in the school-room.

So much for Scylla. Charybdis may stand for the opposite tendency to let æsthetics go its way, and to take refuge in the blessed region of instructive and interesting facts. How did Chaucer's prioress eat her meals? When did the possessive *its* come into use? Is it found in the Bible? Pope speaks of "coffee which makes the politician wise." When was coffee introduced as a beverage into England? What did it cost? In what other poems is coffee mentioned? Do you like coffee? Does it make a politician wise now? If not, why not? And so one may fill the pupil's fine pate with

fine dirt, and have a lively, interested class, not, to be sure, in English literature, but in that department over which Professor Teufelsdröckh presided, the department of things in general.

To come to a positive conclusion, the teacher who undertakes to teach this play to boys and girls of sixteen, should first of all know the play for himself, love the subject, and put the life of enthusiasm into all his work.¹ He will have the pupils' interest in the play as his vantage-ground from the start. He must not divert this interest by appeals to questions in which they can have at best only an artificial interest; and all work done, either by him or by them, must bear directly on the play. Allowable outside topics are, of course, the life and work of Shakspeare, the history and manners of the time, and some general information about the drama. Parallel readings may be used, particularly in the study of different characters. Striking passages should be committed to memory by the scholars; and summary of act or scene, both by word of mouth and by writing, should be called for frequently. The main work, however, should be the acquiring of an intimate and systematic knowledge of the language of the play,—not as language in the abstract, mere verbal freaks and problems, but as the fine fabric of the drama itself. When these things are thoroughly done, the pupil will have increased his love of letters, his knowledge of a masterpiece, his power to read intelligently, his ability to discern and appreciate.

¹ "Lehre thut viel, aber Aufmunterung thut alles," wrote Goethe to his drawing-master.

SPECIMEN EXAMINATION PAPER

(1) DIVIDE the literary work of Shakspeare into four periods, giving approximate dates, the characteristics of these periods, and naming three plays from each of them. Name some playwrights and plays contemporary with (*a*) Shakspeare's early and (*b*) his later work. What reasons have we for this arrangement of his plays? Where does the "Merchant of Venice" belong? What facts justify your answer? What indirect evidence? How does the style of this play differ from that of "Macbeth"? from that of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"?

(2) What were the folios? The quartos? Significance of a folio edition? What English dramatic works were the first to appear in folio?

(3) What are the probable sources (*a*) direct, and (*b*) remote, of the "Merchant of Venice"? How has Shakspeare improved on the narrative? What was the novel in his day?

(4) Discuss the name "comedy" as applied to this play. Outline the first act, and tell what it does for the play as a whole. What is the situation at the end of the fourth act? What does the fifth act do for the play? What is the climax of the play? Name some scenes where prose is used. What was Euphuism? Do you find any evidences in this play that its author was intimate with the stage,—as actor or manager?

(5) Write out the song "Tell me where is fancy bred." What is the significance of the song? Its metre? Metre of the regular verse? What stages of progress and change have critics found in Shakspeare's use of metre? What four remedies may we apply to verses seemingly irregular? What is "hovering accent"? Give an example. Discuss:

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean.

What many men desire! That many may be meant . . .

Write out three or four verses which you remember for their beauty or cadence.

(6) What peculiarities do you remember in Shakspeare's use of English ?

(7) Explain :

I would have stay'd . . .
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate.

How like a *fawning publican* he looks !

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands.

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect . . .

The Jew is the very devil incarnal.

My nose fell a-bleeding on *Black-Monday* last . . .

Let it not enter in your *mind of love*.

Thou *naughty* gaoler, that thou art so *fond* . . .

I could not do withal.

(8) Describe Bassanio. Would the play gain if he were made more prominent, more active, and drawn more in detail ?

(9) Make a brief argument for Shakspeare's greatness as a poet and playwright, using only this play for evidence.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

[The date of composition of most of the plays and poems that follow is disputed. For this reason in most cases only the date of publication is given. For a discussion of the probable dates of composition, see Dowden, *Shakspeare Primer*.]

SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE.	WORKS (UP TO 1600).	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
1564, April 26. Baptized at Stratford-on-Avon.		1579. Lyly's <i>Endymion</i> ; Lyly's other plays, 1579-91.	1553. Lyly born (between October 8 and January, 1554).
1582, November 28. Married Anne Hathaway.		1580-91. Peele's plays (<i>Arraignement of Paris</i> , <i>David and Bethsabe</i> , etc.).	
		1587-93. Marlowe's plays (<i>Tamburlaine</i> , <i>Dr. Faustus</i> , <i>Jew of Malta</i> , <i>Edward II.</i> , etc.).	
1592. By the middle of this year a recognized playwright in London.	1593. <i>Venus and Adonis</i> (poem) published.	1588-93. Greene's plays (<i>Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay</i> , <i>James IV.</i> , etc.).	1593. Marlowe and Greene died.
1594. By this year a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company.	1594. <i>Rape of Lucrece</i> (poem) published; <i>Comedy of Errors</i> acted.	1596. <i>Spenser's Faery Queen</i> , Books IV. to VI.	
	1597. <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , <i>Richard II.</i> , and <i>Richard III.</i> published; <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> acted.	1597. <i>Bacon's Essays</i> .	
		1598. <i>Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour</i> acted; <i>Shakspeare</i> appeared in it.	

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—*Continued.*

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE.	WORKS (UP TO 1600).	ENGLISH LITERATURE.	HISTORY.
	1598. Before this year Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Won, and King John were acted. Henry IV. (first part) published.		
1599. Became a sharer in the newly built Globe Theatre.	1599. Two sonnets and some poems from Love's Labour's Lost published with the work of others in <i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> . All the contents are sometimes assigned to Shakspere.	1599. Jonson, <i>Every Man out of his Humour</i> .	1599. Spenser died.
1616, April 25. Died. Buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.	1600. Titus Andronicus, Much Ado about Nothing, Henry V., Henry IV. (second part), and <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> published.	1600. Jonson, <i>Cynthia's Revels</i> , Dekker's <i>Shoemaker's Holiday</i> published.	1606. Lyly died.

THE MOST EXCELLENT HISTORY
OF THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE

WITH THE EXTREME CRUELTY OF SHYLOCK THE JEW
TOWARDS THE SAID MERCHANT, IN CUTTING A JUST
POUND OF HIS FLESH, AND THE OBTAINING OF PORTIA
BY THE CHOICE OF THREE CHESTS

AS IT HATH BEEN DIVERS TIMES ACTED
BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S SERVANTS

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*

SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
GRATIANO, }
SALERIO, }

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

ANT. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALAR. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object, that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad ?
But tell not me ; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

ANT. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR. Why, then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie !

SALAR. Not in love neither ? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

SALAN. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well :

We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry, 60
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say,
when ?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

SALAR. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.]

LOR. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you : but, at dinner-time, 70

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, Signior Antonio ;

You have too much respect upon the world :

They lose it that do buy it with much care :

Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;

A stage, where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the fool :

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ; 80

And let my liver rather heat with wine

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, “ I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! ”
O my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing ; when I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time : 100
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile :
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time :

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear. 110

GRA. Thanks, i' faith ; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

ANT. Is that any thing now ?

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as
two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you
shall seek all day ere you find them : and when you
have them, they are not worth the search.

ANT. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promised to tell me of ?

BASS. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, 130
I owe the most in money and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, 140
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both : I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost : but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both, 150
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well ; and herein spend but time
To wind about my love with circumstance ;

And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have ;
Then do but lay to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it ; therefore, speak. 160

BASS. In Belmont is a lady richly left ;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages :
Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia :
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ; 170
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate !

ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do : 180
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is ; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are : and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean : superfluity comes sooner by white hairs ; but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced. 10

NER. They would be better, if well followed.

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions : I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood ; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree : such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose !" I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike ; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none ? 26

NER. Your father was ever virtuous ; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations : therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning

chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

POR. I pray thee, over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection. 37

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NER. Then there is the County Palatine. 44

POR. He doth nothing but frown ; as who should say, “ If you will not have me, choose : ” he hears merry tales, and smiles not : I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmanly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

NER. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ? 53

POR. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker : but he !—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine : he is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering : he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him. 63

NER. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England ?

POR. You know I say nothing to him ; for he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where. 74

NER. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

POR. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

NER. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew ? 82

POR. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast : an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NER. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 91

POR. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket ; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge. 96

NER. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords : they have acquainted me with their determinations ; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be

won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets. 102

POR. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence ; and I pray God grant them a fair departure. 108

NER. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

POR. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think he was so called.

NER. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 116

POR. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a SERVING-MAN.

How now ! what news ?

SERV. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave ; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco ; who brings word, the prince his master will be here to-night.

POR. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. 128

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Venice. A public place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

SHY. Three thousand ducats ; well.

BASS. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHY. For three months ; well.

BASS. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHY. Antonio shall become bound ; well.

BASS. May you stead me ? will you pleasure me ? shall I know your answer ?

SHY. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS. Your answer to that.

SHY. Antonio is a good man.

BASS. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ? 13

SHY. Ho, no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats ; I think I may take his bond. 25

BASS. Be assured you may.

SHY. I will be assured I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?

BASS. If it please you to dine with us.

SHY. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which
your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I
will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk
with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with
you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news
on the Rialto ? Who is he comes here ? 35

Enter ANTONIO.

BASS. This is Signior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him for he is a Christian ;

But more for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis and brings down

40

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him !

BASS. Shylock, do you hear ?

SHY. I am debating of my present store ;

And, by the near guess of my memory,

50

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months

Do you desire ? [*To ANTONIO.*] Rest you fair, good

signior ;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANT. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,

By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
How much ye would ? 60

SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANT. And for three months.

SHY. I had forgot ; three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond ; and let me see ; but hear
you ;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANT. I do never use it.

SHY. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abram was,

As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,

The third possessor ; ay, he was the third,— 70

ANT. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

SHY. No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised

That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,

And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time

Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. 80

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for ;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,

But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good ?

Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

SHY. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :

But note me, signior.

- ANT. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. 90
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !
- SHY. Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve ; then, let me see ; the
rate—
- ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?
- SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft —
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances : 100
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help :
Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say
“ Shylock, we would have moneys : ” you say so ;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur 110
Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say
“ Hath a dog money ? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
“ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies 120
I'll lend you thus much moneys ? ”
- ANT. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHY. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love, 130
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

BASS. This were kindness.

SHY. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit 140
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANT. Content, i' faith : I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANT. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return 150
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHY. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain

By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man

Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttuns, beefs, or goats. I say,

To buy his favour, I extend this friendship : 160

If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;

Give him direction for this merry bond ;

And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;

See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently

I will be with you.

ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*

The Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind. 170

BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANT. Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;

My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train ; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,

Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,

And let us make incision for your love,

To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant : by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
Have loved it too : I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

MOR. Even for that I thank you :
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

POR. You must take your chance ;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong, 40

Never to speak to lady afterward

· In way of marriage : therefore be advised.

MOR. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

POR. First, forward to the temple : after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

MOR. Good fortune then !

To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

46

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack : "Via !" says the fiend ; "away !" says the fiend ; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son ;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste ;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well ;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well : " to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, (God bless the mark,) is a kind of

devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your command ; I will run. 30

Enter OLD GOBBO with a basket.

GOB. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

LAUN. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father ! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not : I will try confusions with him.

GOB. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

LAUN. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house. 42

GOB. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no ?

LAUN. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ? [*Aside.*] Mark me now ; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

GOB. No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live. 51

LAUN. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOB. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

LAUN. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

GOB. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUN. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased ; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

GOB. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUN. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop ? Do you know me, father ?

GOB. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman : but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead ?

LAUN. Do you not know me, father ?

GOB. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

LAUN. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son : give me your blessing : truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long ; a man's son may ; but, at the length, truth will out.

GOB. Pray you, sir, stand up : I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

LAUN. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing : I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOB. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUN. I know not what I shall think of that : but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man ; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOB. Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou

Q Ogot ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail. 91

LAUN. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward : I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOB. Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now ?

LAUN. Well, well : but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew : give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famished in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries : if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune ! here comes the man : to him, father ; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 108

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.

BASS. You may do so ; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a SERVANT.]

LAUN. To him, father.

GOB. God bless your worship !

BASS. Gramercy ! wouldst thou anght with me ?

GOB. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

LAUN. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man ; that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

GOB. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve— 120

LAUN. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,— as my father shall specify,—

GOB. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins,—

LAUN. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

GOB. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is,— 129

LAUN. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man ; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASS. One speak for both. What would you ?

LAUN. Serve you, sir.

GOB. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

BASS. I know thee well ; thou hast obtain'd thy suit :

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,

And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become

140

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUN. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir : you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASS. Thou speak'st it well. —Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire

My lodging out. Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows' : see it done.

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LAUN. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no ; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life : here's a small trifle of wives ; alas, fifteen wives is nothing ! a'leven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man : and then to 'scape

drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. 160

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT and OLD GOBBO.

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this :
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance : hie thee, go.
LEON. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Where is your master ?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

BASS. Gratiano !

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtain'd it.

GRA. You must not deny me : I must go with you to Belmont. 171

BASS. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano :
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice ;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit ; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to, 180
And lose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me :

If I do not put on a sober habit,

Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely ;
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "amen ;"
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing. 190

GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me
 By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity :

I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well :
 I have some business.

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest :

But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so :
 Our house is hell ; and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
 But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee :
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
 Give him this letter ; do it secretly ;
 And so farewell : I would not have my father
 See me in talk with thee. 9

LAUN. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful
 pagan, most sweet Jew ! if a Christian did not play
 the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But,
 adieu : these foolish drops do something drown my
 manly spirit : adieu. [*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, 20
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

LOR. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

GRA. We have not made good preparation.

SALAR. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SALAN. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better in my mind not undertook.

LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock : we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

LAUN. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall
seem to signify. 11

LOR. I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand ;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRA. Love-news, in faith.

LAUN. By your leave, sir.

LOR. Whither goest thou ?

LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian. 18

LOR. Hold here, take this : tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her ; speak it privately.

Go, gentlemen,

[Exit LAUNCELOT.]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALAR. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SALAN. And so will I.

LOR.

Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALAR. 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt SALAR. and SALAN.]

GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

LOR. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house ; 30

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with ;

What page's suit she has in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest :

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—

What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me :—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—

Why, Jessica, I say !

LAUN.

Why, Jessica !

SHY. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

JES. Call you ? what is your will ? 10

SHY. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica :

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house. I am right loath to go :

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go : my young master doth expect your reproach. 20

SHY. So do I his.

LAUN. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

SHY. What, are there masques ? Hear you me, Jessica :
Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 30
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces ;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements :
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah ;
Say I will come.

LAUN. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window,
for all this ; 41

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.

SHY. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

JES. His words were " Farewell, mistress ; " nothing else.

SHY. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder ;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild-cat : drones hive not with me ;

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste 50

His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in :

Perhaps I will return immediately ;

Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :

Fast bind, fast find,

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

JES. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

GRA. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

SALAR. His hour is almost past.

GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,

For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALAR. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly

To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

GRA. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down ?

Where is the horse that doth untread again

His tedious measures with the unbated fire 10

That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !
SALAR. Here comes Lorenzo : more of this hereafter. 20

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode ;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho ! who's within ?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

JES. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.
LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.
JES. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love, indeed,
For who love I so much ? And now who knows 30
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?
LOR. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
JES. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
LOR. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

JES. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;
And I should be obscured.

LOR. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight. 50
[Exit above.]

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

LOR. Beshrew me but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come ? On, gentlemen ; away !
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. Who's there ?

GRA. Signior Antonio !

60

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano ; where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock : our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night : the wind is come about ;
Bassanio presently will go aboard :
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRA. I am glad on't : I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.

POR. Go draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire ;”
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves ;”
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”
How shall I know if I do choose the right ? 10

POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince :
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgement ! Let me see ;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket ?
“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”
Must give,—for what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages :
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ; 20
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue ?
“Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”
As much as he deserves ! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady :
And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve ! Why, that's the lady :
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding ;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here ?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold ;
“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”
Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her ;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint : 40
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia :
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought : it were too gross 50
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key :
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may ! 60

POR. There, take it, prince ; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

MOR. O hell ! what have we here ?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll ! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] “ All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold, 70
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll’d :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.”

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost !
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*]

POR. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Venice. A street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

SALAR. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SALAN. The villain Jew with outcries raised the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio’s ship.

SALAR. He came too late, the ship was under sail :
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SALAN. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
“ My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter !
Fled with a Christian ! O my Christian ducats !
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter !
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl ! 21
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats ! ”

SALAR. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SALAN. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SALAR. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught : 30
I thought upon Antonio when he told me ;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SALAN. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALAR. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return : he answer'd, “ Do not so ;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ; 40
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love :
Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there : ”
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.

SALAN. I think he only loves the world for him. 50

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.

SALAR.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter NERISSA and a SERVITOR.

NER. Quick, quick, I pray thee : draw the curtain straight :

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,

And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their trains.

POR. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized :

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

You must be gone from hence immediately.

AR. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :

First, never to unfold to any one

10

Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage :

Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR. To these injunctions every one doth swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now 19
To my heart's hope ! Gold ; silver ; and base lead.
“ Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”
(You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.)
What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :
“ Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”
What many men desire ! that “ many ” may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty. 30
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :
“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves : ”
And well said too ; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity. 40
O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !
How many then should cover that stand bare !
How many be commanded that command !
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice :
“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.”
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this, 51
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.]

POR. [*Aside.*] Too long a pause for that which you find there.

AR. What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule ! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia !
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !
“ Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.”
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ? 60

POR. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

AR. What is here ?

[*Reads.*] “ The fire seven times tried this :
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss ;
Such have but a shadow's bliss :
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed, 70
I will ever be your head :
So be gone : you are sped.”

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* ARRAGON and train.

POR. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

O, these deliberate fools ! when they do choose, 80
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NER. The ancient saying is no heresy,

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
 POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Where is my lady ?

POR. Here : what would my lord ?

SERV. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord ;
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath, 90
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love :
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee : I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
 Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100
 NER. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

SALAN. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

SALAR. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio
 hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow
 seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place, a very
 dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a

tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SALAN. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company !—

SALAR. Come, the full stop. 15

SALAN. Ha ! what sayest thou ? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SALAR. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SALAN. Let me say “ amen ” betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock ! what news among the merchants ?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR. That's certain : I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALAN. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged ; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam. 28

SHY. She is damned for it.

SALAR. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel !

SALAN. Out upon it, old carrion ! rebels it at these years ?

SHY. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALAR. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory ; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish.

But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 39

SHY. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALAR. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? 48

SHY. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 68

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

SALAR. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SALAN. Here comes another of the tribe : a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt SALAN., SALAR., and SERVANT.]

SHY. How now, Tubal ! what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 77

SHY. Why, there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now : two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ? Why, so :—and I know not what's spent in the search : why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders ; no sighs but of my breathing ; no tears but of my shedding. 90

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too : Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

SHY. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

TUB. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God, I thank God ! Is't true, is't true ?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal : good news, good news ! ha, ha ! where ? in Genoa ?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats. 102

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me : I shall never see my

gold again : fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHY. I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him : I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone. 115

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and ATTENDANTS.

POR. I pray you, tarry : pause a day or two
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company : therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10

How to choose right, but I am then forsworn ;
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;
One-half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours ! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights !
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long ; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose ;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio ! then confess

What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :

There may as well be amity and life 30

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,

Where men enforced do speak any thing.

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

POR. Well then, confess and live.

BASS. " Confess," and " love,"

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR. Away, then ! I am lock'd in one of them : 40

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music : that the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
 And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
 And what is music then ? Then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch : such it is 50
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules ! 60
 Live thou, I live : with much much more dismay
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart or in the head ?
 How begot, how nourished ?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell ;

70

I 'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

ALL.

Ding, dong, bell.

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ? 80

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ;

And these assume but valour's excrement

To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;

Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90

Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crisped snaky golden locks

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,

The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100

To entrap the wisest. [Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence ;

And here choose I : joy be the consequence !

POR. [*Aside.*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy ! 110
O love, be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;
In measure rain thy joy ; scant this excess !
I feel too much thy blessing : make it less,
For fear I surfeit !

BASS.

What find I here ?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath : so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven 121
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs : but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this sha-
dow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune. 130

[*Reads.*] “ You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.”

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave ;
I come by note, to give and to receive. 140
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so ;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

POR. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am : though for myself alone 150
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better ; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself ;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich ;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account ; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised ; 160
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted : but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now, 170
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring ;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,

Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear 180
Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !

NER. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy : good joy, my lord and lady !

GRA. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, 190
I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
For I am sure you can wish none from me :
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

GRA. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
You loved, I loved for intermission. 200
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
For wooing here until I sweat again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achieved her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa ?

NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. 210

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ?

GRA. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

GRA. But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?

What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio ?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger
from Venice.*

BASS. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither ;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord :
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord, 220
My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SALER. I did, my lord ;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SALER. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ; 230
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio : what's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?

I know he will be glad of our success ;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SALER. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

POR. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek : 240
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASS. O sweet Portia,

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had 250
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend, 260
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio ?
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

SALER. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had

The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know 270
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man :
He plies the Duke at morning and at night ;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

JES. When I was with him I have heard him swear 280
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

POR. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

BASS. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom 290
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

POR. What sum owes he the Jew ?

BASS. For me three thousand ducats.

POR. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend ; 300
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
 My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
 But let me hear the letter of your friend. 310

BASS. [*Reads.*] “ Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.”

POR. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone !

BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste ; but, till I come again, 320
 No bed shall e’er be guilty of my stay,
 No rest be interposer ’twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Venice. A street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and GAOLER.

SHY. Gaoler, look to him : tell not me of mercy ;
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis :
 Gaoler, look to him.

ANT. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHY. I’ll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :
 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
 Thou call’dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
 The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request. 10

ANT. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHY. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond. [Exit.

SALAR. It is the most impenetrable cur

That ever kept with men.

ANT. Let him alone :

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20

He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures

Many that have at times made moan to me ;

Therefore he hates me.

SALAR. I am sure the Duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANT. The Duke cannot deny the course of law :

For the commodity that strangers have

With us in Venice, if it be denied,

Will much impeach the justice of his state ;

Since that the trade and profit of the city 30

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go :

These griefs and losses have so bated me,

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not !

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BAL-
THASAR.*

LOR. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit

Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

POR. I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit ;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish misery !
This comes too near the praising of myself ;
Therefore no more of it : hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return : for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return : 30
There is a monastery two miles off ;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition ;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart ;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*

Now, Balthasar,

As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua : see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario ; 50
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone : I shall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

POR. Come on, Nerissa ; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of ; we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NER. Shall they see us ?

POR. They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a habit, 60
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love, 70
Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
I could not do withal : then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them ;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NER. Why, shall we turn to men ?

POR. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter ! 80
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park-gate ; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

LAUN. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the father
are to be laid upon the children : therefore, I promise
ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so
now I speak my agitation of the matter : therefore be
of good cheer, for, truly, I think you are damned.
There is but one hope in it that can do you any good :
and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JES. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

LAUN. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got
you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter. 10

JES. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed : so the sins
of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUN. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father

and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways. 21-

JES. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

LAUN. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money. 23

Enter LORENZO.

JES. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes.

LOR. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JES. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo : Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 33

LOR. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence ; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUN. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

LOR. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

LAUN. That is done too, sir ; only " cover " is the word.

LOR. Will you cover, then, sir ?

LAUN. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty. 42

LOR. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain mean-

ing : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

LAUN. For the table, sir, it shall be served in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.

LOR. O dear discretion, how his words are suited ! 52

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife ?

JES. Past all expressing. It is very meet 60

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life ;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other ; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband 70

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon : first, let us go to dinner.

JES. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;

Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth.

[Exeunt.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A court of justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the MAGNIFICOES, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here ?

ANT. Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALER. He is ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act ; and then 'tis thought 20
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose ;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40
A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
But, say, it is my humour : is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine : for affection, 50
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer :
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended ;

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing 60
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love ?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?

ANT. I pray you, think you question with the Jew : 70

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;

You may as well use question with the wolf,

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven ;

You may as well do anything most hard,

As seek to soften that—than which what's harder ?—

His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you, 80

Make no more offers, use no farther means,

But with all brief and plain conveniency

Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats

Were in six parts and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none' ?

SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?

You have among you many a purchased slave, 90

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them ; shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burthens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer
" The slaves are ours : " so do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 'tis mine and I will have it. 100
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

DUKE. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALER. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger. 110

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground ; and so let me :
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

NER. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.

[Presenting letter.]

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ? 121

SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou makest thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog !

And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith, 130

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud : 140

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.

Where is he ?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 149

CLERK. [*Reads.*] " Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick ; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we turned o'er many books together : he is furnished with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning,—the greatness

whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation." 164

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes :
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA for BALTHASAR.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario ?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court ? 170

POR. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock ?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not ?

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond ?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful. 180

SHY. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ; 190
L But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much 200
To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart : 210
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be. 220

SHY. A Daniel come to judgement ! yea, a Daniel !

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

POR. Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off 230

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful :

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgement : by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me : I stay here on my bond. 240

ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgement.

POR. Why then, thus it is :

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

POR. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

POR. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHY. Ay, his breast : 250

So says the bond :—doth it not, noble judge ?—

“ Nearest his heart : ” those are the very words.

POR. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHY. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

POR. It is not so express'd : but what of that ?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond. 260

POR. You, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

ANT. But little : I am arm'd and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom : it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off. 270

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt ;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife 280

Which is as dear to me as life itself ;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRA. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love :

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew. 290

NER. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;

The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHY. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter ;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband rather than a Christian ! [*Aside.*

We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine :

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHY. Most rightful judge !

POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast : 300

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHY. Most learned judge ! A sentence ! Come, prepare !

POR. Tarry a little ; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are "a pound of flesh :"

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice. 310

GRA. O upright judge ! Mark, Jew : O learned judge !

SHY. Is that the law ?

POR. Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRA. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew : a learned judge !

SHY. I take this offer, then ; pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian go.

BASS. Here is the money.

POR. Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ; soft ! no haste :

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

320

GRA. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh : if thou cut'st more

Or less than a just pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

330

GRA. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

POR. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture.

SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASS. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

POR. He hath refused it in the open court :

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

340

POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it !

I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

350

Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed. 360
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself :
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine. 370

POR. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHY. Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

GRA. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANT. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content ; so he will let me have 380
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter :
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian ;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here. 390

POR. Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

SHY. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;

I am not well : send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRA. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers :

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHY.*

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

POR. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon : 400

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE and his train.*

BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal. 410

ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid :

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet again :

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further :

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute, 420

Not as a fee ; grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;

[To ANT.]

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you : [To BASS.]

Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASS. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle !

I will not shame myself to give you this.

POR. I will have nothing else but only this ;

430

And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASS. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation :

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :

You taught me first to beg ; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;

And when she put it on, she made me vow

440

That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,

And know how well I have deserved the ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever,

For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

ANT. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :

Let his deservings and my love withal

Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASS. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ;

450

Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house : away ! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently ;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A street.*

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

POR. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed
And let him sign it : we'll away to-night
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

GRA. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

POR. That cannot be :
His ring I do accept most thankfully :
And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore, 10
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRA. That will I do.

NER. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

[*Aside to* PORTIA.

Which I did make him swear to keep forever.

POR. [*Aside to* NER.] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall
have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men ;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
[*Aloud.*] Away ! make haste : thou know'st where I
will tarry.

NER. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house ?
[Exeunt.]

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.**Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

LOR. The moon shines bright : in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JES. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.]

LOR. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10
Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night
[Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

LOR. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JES. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

LOR. In such a night 20
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JES. I would out-night you, did no body come ;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

LOR. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

STEPH. A friend.

LOR. A friend ! what friend ? your name, I pray you,
friend ?

STEPH. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

LOR. Who comes with her ?

STEPH. None but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

LOR. Who calls ? 40

LAUN. Sola ! did you see Master Lorenzo ? Master Lo-
renzo, sola, sola ?

LOR. Leave hollaing, man : here.

LAUN. Sola ! where ? where ?

LOR. Here.

LAUN. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with
his horn full of good news : my master will be here ere
morning. [*Exit.*]

LOR. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter : why should we go in ? 50
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit STEPHANO.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings, 61
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn !
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [Music.]

JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive : 70
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet 79
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams ! 90
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by ; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.

POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect :
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100

NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
 When neither is attended ; and I think
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise and true perfection !
 Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
 And would not be awaked. [*Music ceases.*]

LOR. That is the voice, 110
 Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

POR. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.

POR. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd ?

LOR. Madam, they are not yet ;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

POR. Go in, Nerissa ;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence ; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you.

[A tucket sounds.]

LOR. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :
We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.

POR. This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers.

BASS. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun. 125 —

POR. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130
And never be Bassanio so for me ;
But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

BASS. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

POR. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.

POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :

It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

GRA. [*To NERISSA.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me
wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

POR. A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife, " Love me, and leave me not."

NER. What talk you of the posy or the value ?

You swore to me, when I did give it you, 150

That you would wear it till your hour of death,

And that it should lie with you in your grave :

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should have been respective, and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God's my judge,

The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, 160

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :

I could not for my heart deny it him.

POR. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it ; and here he stands ;

I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it 170

Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief :
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASS. [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRA. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserved it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ; 180
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord ?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it ; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NER. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

BASS. Sweet Portia, 190
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring. 200
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe :

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASS. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him, 210
And suffer'd him to go displeased away ;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady ?
I was enforced to send it after him ;
I was beset with shame and courtesy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady ;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor. 220

POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house :
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you ;
I'll not deny him anything I have.

NER. And I his clerk ; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

ANT. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

POR. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ; 230
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

POR. Mark you but that !
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;
In each eye, one : swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

BASS. Nay, but hear me :

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring, 240
Had quite miscarried ; I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

POR. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANT. Here, Lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

BASS. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

POR. You are all amazed :

Here is a letter ; read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario : 250
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk : Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly :
You shall not know by what strange accident 260
I chanced on this letter.

ANT. I am dumb.

BASS. Were you the doctor and I knew you not ?

GRA. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold ?

NER. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow :

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living ;

For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

POR. How now, Lorenzo ! 270

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

POR. It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let us go in ;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

280

And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRA. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing

So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES

I. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

DR. FURNESS gives a list of books (p. 468 ff.) "from which citations have been made at first hand" for his Variorum edition of this play. The more important of these books, along with a few others, have been mentioned in footnotes to the present Introduction and in the Notes. A wider range is presented by the "Catalogue of the Works of William Shakespeare, Original and Translated, in the Barton Collection" (Boston Public Library), compiled by J. M. Hubbard, Boston, 1878, and by the "Catalogue of Works Relating to William Shakespeare and his Writings," same collection, library, and compiler, Boston, 1880. For material connected with our play, which has appeared since Dr. Furness made his list, see the "Bibliographie" (by Albert Cohn) in the German *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, xxiv, (1887-88), xxvii, (1889-91), xxix-xxx (1892-93). Moreover, in *Shakesperiana* and in *Poet Lore* (see particularly W. J. Rolfe on our play, 1890, Jan. ff.) there have been communications of more or less value about characters of the play, questions of text and interpretation, and even discussion of wider problems,—such as the proper method of teaching. Shylock is a tempting subject; and thus one finds (*Browning Society Papers* for 1887-88, part x) "On Browning's Jews and Shakspeare's Jew," and (*Academy*, June 18, Aug. 6, 1887) "Shylock and his Predecessors"; while in the *Jahrbuch*, touching the endless legal discussion, one will find "Zur Shylockfabel" by J. Bolte, xxvii, 225 ff.; and "Shakespeare als Rechtsphilosoph" (in our play as well as in "Measure for Measure"), xxviii, 54 ff. G. H. Radford's little book, "Shylock and Others," London, 1894, is disappointing after the clever skit about Falstaff which the author had previously published along with certain essays of Mr. Birrell.

For his own preparation—"a man's reach," says Browning,

"should exceed his grasp"—the teacher may read all the good things written about and upon our play; but the scholar needs spare diet of this sort. "Very little meat and a great deal of table-cloth" will be his comment in after-life, when he thinks of ceaseless consultation of books. A safe rule for him, it would seem, is to read whatever throws light upon the meaning of the play,—on words, sentences, allusions, figures of speech, customs, habits of thought, points of view,—and to avoid the interminable discussion of character, motive, and psychological problems generally. A little honest study of Galenical medicine, of Ptolemaic astronomy, which will teach him how to understand the play, is of more value than volumes of rant about Shakspeare's genius. Passages of the play itself, appreciated in every word, every turn of phrase, every cadence, and safely committed to memory, are worth a library of subtle "interpretation," a wilderness of phrases about Shakspeare's "art." It would hardly be unfair to apply to Shakspeare himself and certain of his cloudy interpreters what Goethe said about poetry and poets:

Wer treibt die Dichtkunst aus der Welt?—
Die Poeten!

II. THE LANGUAGE OF THE PLAY.

Chaucer wrote in his native speech, the speech of London, or, in wider scope, the Midland dialect, and he made it the literary language of England, that "Standard English" which has held its own down to our time. It is interesting to note that the chief rival of this Standard English, the Northern or Scottish dialect, which made such important claims for recognition in the work of Barbour, Dunbar, and Lyndesay, lost its independence in Shakspeare's day through the union of Scotland and England under James I. Englishmen under Elizabeth began to recognize that London English was the literary language: see the often quoted passage from Puttenham's "*Arte of English Poesie*" (1589), chapter "Of Language" (Arber's reprint, p. 156 ff.); they discussed the vexatious problems of new words, and felt a vivid interest in all questions of language: think, for example, of Ben Jonson's "*Grammar*," of Gill's "*Logonomia Anglica*" (1619), and other works of the kind. In brief, Shakspeare had the advantage

of a speech fixed to the degree of stability but not of inflexibility. Hence, in great measure, the variety and richness of his vocabulary. He uses, as is well known, more words than any other English writer of prominence, notwithstanding his works show fewer foreign words than any piece of our literature except the English Bible. Kluge (*Jahrbuch*, xxviii, 1 ff.) credits him with 20,000 words,—although the older estimate was content with 15,000; and he attains this number in spite of the fact that he “avoids provincialisms and archaisms.” These are significant facts; and one may add for comparison Kluge’s estimate of 9,000 words for the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey,” 8,000 for Milton, 700 for an ordinary opera libretto, and about 3,000 for the talk of an educated man. Yet Shakspeare invented no words, and like Luther, remarks Kluge, took what he needed from the speech of house, street, and field. When he uses a word from the Latin, there are good reasons for his choice: see Lowell’s defence of such words as “incarnadine” in “Shakspeare Once More,” in the collection of essays called “Among My Books.”

Particular questions must be left to the Notes; in general, a student should strive to look at Shakspeare’s language not merely as matter of detail, but as a poetical dialect, a speech in itself. He should acquire as far as possible a feeling for this language as a whole. What certain critics condemn in the linguistic study of Shakspeare is mainly a pedantry, a pettiness of the teacher—or editor—who thinks these words and constructions proper puzzles for the learner as an end in themselves. Regard them as helps in learning Shakspeare’s speech, and the criticism falls.—The Variorum edition of the “Merchant of Venice” contains the flower of grammatical as well as of other notes. For general reference, the teacher will turn constantly to a good dictionary,—Skeat’s for etymology, the “Century” or Murray’s for histories of words, and, for older stages of the language, Grein’s “Sprachschatz,” Stratmann’s “Old English Dictionary,” and the unfinished but valuable Glossary of Mätzner’s “Altenglische Sprachproben”; to a good grammar,—Abbott’s “Shakespearian Grammar,” and the “Grammatical Observations” in Schmidt’s excellent Appendix to the “Lexicon,” for special cases, and, for wider questions, Koch’s “Historische Grammatik der Englischen Sprache,” Mätzner’s “English Grammar,” 3 vols., translated by

C. J. Grece, and Sweet's handy little "Short Historical English Grammar." There is a special study of the language of this play by Dr. Karl Meurer, "Der Sprachgebrauch in Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice," from which some facts have been taken for the following notes.

In regard to the pronunciation of Shakspeare's English, a few hints must suffice; the teacher who is curious in this matter may consult the "Early English Pronunciation" of Mr. A. J. Ellis, the more systematic work of Dr. Sweet on the "History of English Sounds," or the "Phonology" in his just-mentioned "Short Historical English Grammar." It is well known that when English sounds changed, the symbols, for the most part, remained unaltered, or else were inadequately altered: *cf.* Anglo-Saxon *riðan*, modern English *ride* (the vowel has become diphthong, but the "letter" is the same), with Old High German *ritan*, modern German *reiten*, where the symbol has changed with the sound. Hence, for example, the isolated character of English long vowels compared with those of other languages.

About 1600, English sounds were changing character, and approaching the modern standard. In reading Chaucer, one must pronounce the words as Chaucer pronounced them, with the result that one seems to be reading a foreign tongue; if one should modernize outright, chaos would come into the metre and the rimes, while modern pronunciation, joined to a nice observance of the final *e*, would make worse than chaos. Hence one reads Chaucer in Chaucerian English. But there is no difficulty of that sort in the way of reading Shakspeare as a modern writer. Modern he is, to all intents and purposes; and while here and there a word may have lost sonorousness by change of sound, the difference is trifling. As a mere matter of antiquarian interest, therefore, the teacher might explain to his class the scheme of A. J. Ellis for reading a part of Portia's famous speech in its probable original sounds: see this speech in Ellis's "Early English Pronunciation," p. 986, with remarks on the various sounds, beginning at p. 973 ff. *Cf.* also Sweet, "Short Historical Grammar," p. 58 ff. The striking differences are in the sounds of the vowels, and in such consonants as (*h*) *gh*, now vocalized, but then probably sounded somewhat like German *ch*. It is possible that the *k* in *knave* and the *w* in *write* were still sounded.

In regard to the style of Shakspeare's plays, we may take to heart some excellent remarks by ten Brink,—a man who combined delicacy of critical judgment and admirable insight in the article of poetry with accuracy and method as a master in English philology. "By Shakspeare's style I mean, in the widest sense, the form in which he expresses what he has to say,—the composition of his works and the structure of his scenes, as well as his utterance in detail, his language in its vivid and plastic qualities, the melodious flow and dramatic movement of his verse. If one were to attempt with a word to characterize the style of Shakspeare, one might call it Complete, Immediate, Inevitable. Shakspeare's spiritual vision is at once widely comprehensive and extremely sharp, discerning all the particulars of a given group, seeing things never on the flat surface, but always as complete and moulded figures,—and looking them through and through. He has the marvellous faculty of seeing at the same time, and of reproducing in mental process, his chief subject and all that belongs to it. Whatever he sees, he will and must express; and his expression is more apt to exceed than to fall short. Moreover, he is wont to draw the plans of his work with a sure hand and after careful reflection; for details, however, he trusts to the inspiration of the moment. Haply the right word is not at his call, and he must wrestle with the spirit of the language as Jacob with the Lord. . . . In such cases, when a word or image which he has used is not what is needed, and he adds another, he does not erase the first, but leaves it, and lets himself be borne along by the stream of thought. . . . So in 'Macbeth':

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd."

The development of Shakspeare's style, however, ten Brink goes on to say, is not a steady progress to artistic perfection. The earliest works show an undue preponderance of delight in sensuous form at the expense of intellectual vigor; gradually the poet reaches, say in his middle period, the height of artistic success; form and thought hold exquisite balance. Thence down to his latest works, form loses ground, and the thought, gaining in weight and speed, outstrips the beauty and fitness

of expression. As regards the four periods, then, of Shakspeare's dramatic career, ten Brink thinks the diction of the first "lyric" in character ; of the second, particularly in the histories, "rhetorical" ; of the third, in the great tragedies, "dramatic and compressed," and of the fourth, in the romances, condensed, fragmentary, even now and then confused and obscure. —See ten Brink, "Shakspeare," pp. 42 ff., 64.

III. THE METRE.

Shakspeare wrote chiefly in rimeless five-stress verse of the so-called "iambic" movement ; but "rimeless" is true, strictly taken, only of his latest plays, not of the earlier, and the strict iambic scheme, except in the final measure, is frequently broken. In the "Winter's Tale" there is no rimed verse, and in the "Tempest" there is but one riming couplet. In "Love's Labour's Lost," a very early play, there are more than one thousand riming verses. "Julius Cæsar," a play of the middle period, has 2,241 lines of blank verse to 34 rimed verses. See, for these and kindred facts, Fleay's table, *Transactions New Shakspeare Society*, i, 16. We have already noted the increasing freedom from metrical restraint which marks Shakspeare's passage from early plays to late. Better is ten Brink's statement ("Shakspeare," p. 44) that in the early plays rhythm lies on the surface ; in the later plays it is below (*in der Tiefe*). Shakspeare grew more and more impatient of the verse as a unit, a boundary, and showed an increasing love for irregular rhythmic periods which do not coincide with the verses, but stretch from one cæsura to another : see Conrad, "Metrische Untersuchungen," *Jahrbuch*, xxxi, 324. In other words, "end-stopt" verses abound in the earlier plays, unstopt in the later. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the proportion of unstopt to end-stopt is 1:18.14 ; in the "Winter's Tale," 1:2.12. Moreover, light endings and double endings abound in these later plays, and, of course, tend to obliterate the verse-limits and give a freedom as of prose. Finally, the later verse is rougher, more hurried, and more irregular. Now, the "Merchant of Venice" is of the early middle period, and offers few of these peculiarities just noted ; but it has a freedom of movement distinctly superior to the extreme smoothness of

the first efforts, and thus forms an excellent introduction to Shakspeare's verse.

A few remarks are in order concerning Shaksperian verse in general. In the first place, rule-of-thumb scansion is to be banned; the verse, not the foot, is the metrical unit, and a verse unsatisfactory as to its parts will often be found perfect as a whole. It is rhythm, a flowing, a movement, which gives the note of verse; and few individual lines represent perfectly the metrical type. Secondly, when a verse shows conflict between the metrical scheme and the natural accent of the words, we have to inquire whether the words in question ought not to be (a) *expanded* (as the *-ion*, *-ean* of so many words: cf. I, i, 8, and III, iv, 28; see also *hair*, III, ii, 298; *prayers*, IV, i, 126; *command(e)ment*, IV, i, 449), or (b) *contracted* (as—perhaps—*converted* in III, ii, 168; *you had*, III, ii, 238), and whether we should throw the accent (c) towards the beginning (*obscure*, II, vii, 51) or (d) towards the end (*obdurate*, IV, i, 8) of the word. Certain considerations, however, must modify these inquiries. In regard to (a), we have to consider the pause in a verse,—a pause which often takes the place of a syllable, especially of a light syllable after an emphatic accent. Dowden speaks of this pause “expressing surprise or sudden emotion, or accompanying a change of speakers, and leaving a gap in the verse,—a gap through which we feel the wind of passion and of song.” As to (b), the student must remember that *slurring*,—rapid pronunciation rather than contraction,—is often in question, or even the outright measure of three syllables: see a list of “Trisyllabic Measures” in Ellis, “Early English Pronunciation,” (iii) p. 941 ff., as well as the question of slurring or pronouncing the syllables, discussed by Mayor, “Chapters on Metre,” p. 158 ff.; and for (c) and (d) we have the undoubted and important fact of “hovering accent.” This *schwebende Betonung*, as the Germans call it, is admirably treated by ten Brink for Chaucerian verse: “Chaucers Sprache und Verskunst,” p. 155 ff. See also Schipper, “Englische Metrik,” ii, 38 ff. Thus in II, vii, 51:

To rib her cerecloth in the *obscure* grave,

or in IV, i, 296:

We trifle time: I pray thee, *pursue* sentence,

one need not pronounce *ôbscure*, *pûrsue*, but must suspend the accent, strike a balance between the demands of the verse and the demands of the word,—*ôbscûre*, *pûrsûe*. Again, hovering accent will help even such a verse as IV, i, 270:

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

The question of Alexandrines,—verses with six measures,—is not particularly important for our play; but it may be remarked that Abbott, who as a general thing forces Shaksperian verse too much into a rigid scheme, is at fault in his prevailing hostility to the Alexandrine: see Ellis, “E. E. P.,” p. 943 ff. Where a verse is divided between two speakers, each part has frequently three accents, making the whole verse an Alexandrine. It is a question whether we are to read III, ii, 245:

And I must freely have the half of anything,

as Alexandrine, or as a triple ending.

Other questions relating to metre will be treated in the following notes; but the teacher will find opportunity to discuss with his class, from time to time, such points as the relation borne by the metre of a given passage to the mood of the speaker (see Mayor, “Chapters on Metre,” p. 175 ff.), the place of the verse-pause, and the use of prose (as in I, iii), of rime, and of alliteration. He will find the “Notes on Shakspeare’s Versification,” by George H. Browne, A.M., Boston, 1884, with its blank leaves for private notes, an excellent help in any metrical analysis of the play.

In his “Metrische Untersuchungen” (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, xxxi, 318 ff.) H. Conrad takes a representative play from each of the four “periods” of Shakspeare’s dramatic activity,—the “Comedy of Errors,” the “Merchant of Venice,” “Henry V.,” and “Macbeth,” assuming, for our play, 1595 as date of composition. From this article some useful tables may be quoted by way of comparing our play with “Macbeth.” It is well known that every line of Shakspeare’s verse does not contain exactly five rhetorically accented syllables. There may be only two (though this slightly forces the facts):

This supernatural solficing (“Macbeth”),

or there may be seven (?) :—

Thát which hath máde théem drúnk hath máde mé bóld ("Macbeth").

Conrad's table of accents in each verse of the two plays gives these percentages:—

	2	3	4	5	6	7
"Merchant".....	2.9	33.4	48.5	15.6	—	—
"Macbeth".....	2.5	25.7	47.7	22.7	0.7	0.2

In proportion to 1,000 regular lines, Conrad counts:—

	"Merchant."	"Macbeth."
Doggerel verses.....	2	0
Alexandrines.....	14	29
Short verses.....	12	28

As regards the regularity of the verse,—the adherence to a strict "iambic" scheme,—Conrad counts as follows, noting that a spondaic measure (⋈ ⋈ for ∪ ∪) is not counted as irregular:—

	Absolutely regular.	Absolutely irregular.	Blank verse.	Rimed.
"Merchant" ...	10.2	5.4	94.2	6.2
"Macbeth".....	9.3	10.	94.1	5.4

Run-on verses, in percentages, with character of endings:—

	Total.	Light.	Heavy.
"Merchant"	18.6	18.	0.6
"Macbeth".....	24.8	23.4	1.4
"Comedy of Errors".....	6.2	6.	0.2

With regard to double or feminine endings, Conrad counts 15.2 per cent. for our play, 25.6 for "Macbeth." As to the cæsure, or pause, he notes (p. 346) that in the progress of Shakspeare's plays, as we assume the chronological sequence, *this pause moves*

steadily from the beginning towards the end of the verse. Counting according to their position after a given syllable of the verse, the table of pauses runs thus:—

	1-3	4-5	6-9
"Errors"	15.	52.6	29.5
"Merchant"	10.9	52.	33.9
"Macbeth"	5.6	38.	52.7

That is to say, with the increase of run-on verse, the *cæsura* naturally moves towards the end of the line.

IV. DURATION OF THE ACTION.

The careful reader of this play can hardly fail to notice that the lines of the plot call for an extent of time which seems impossible when regarded from the point of view imposed by the admirable dramatic action. If three months must pass between the making of the bond and the trial, there is an intolerable weight hung upon what ought to be the swift and triumphant courtship of Bassanio. True, the splendid art of Shakspeare keeps us from dwelling on this discrepancy, or even from thinking of it; but it exists, and how shall we explain it? An ingenious theory of Professor Wilson, assuming that Shakspeare uses "two different computations of time, by one of which time is protracted and by the other contracted," is well described by Dr. Furness in the Variorum "*Othello*," p. 358 ff. "It is as though the hour-hand pointed to historic time, while the minute-hand, recording fresh sensations with every swing of the pendulum, tells dramatic time. While the former has traveled from one figure to another, the latter has traversed the whole twelve, and is true to the hour when the hammer falls." In his Variorum edition (p. 338 ff.) Dr. Furness applies this theory to our play.

Whatever Shakspeare intended,—and it may be doubted that he deliberately worked out any scheme of this sort,—his artistic skill is irresistible, and that discrepancy of historic and dramatic time has no effect upon the general unity of the action and the impression of great probability left on the reader's mind. Perhaps it is best to apply to this point what many commentators

—particularly Professor Wendell—have remarked upon the inherent absurdity of plot, action, and circumstances in the “Merchant of Venice” as a whole,—absurdity that seizes one the moment one looks at the material separated from the art. This Jew and his bond are absurd, Bassanio’s plan is preposterous, the trial-scene is inconceivable by any test of common sense,—and so on. But when we have read the play “we have not only been asked to accept this nonsense; we have unhesitatingly accepted it. Shakspeare’s art has made it plausible” (Wendell, “Shakspeare,” p. 145). Surely we may let the artist play his game with time as well as with place and circumstance.

V. EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL NOTES.

The student would do well to follow Dr. Furnivall’s hint, and read the “Two Gentlemen of Verona” and then “Othello,” in order to compare the playwright’s earliest and latest treatment of an Italian theme.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The quartos indicate neither act nor scene. The first folio divided the play into acts, but not into scenes. As to Venice, and Shakspeare’s point of view, one must remember that Venice to the Londoner then would be in some respects what London is to the Venetian of to-day.

1. *Sad.* See Dowden, “New Studies in Literature,” p. 95,—“Essay on Donne”: “We talk of melancholy as a disease of the nineteenth century, but . . . Donne, in one of his sermons, speaks of the peculiar liability of men in his own time to ‘an extraordinary sadness, a predominant melancholy, a faintness of heart, a cheerlessness, a joylessness of spirit.’” Despite objections urged by Dr. Furness against the Clarendon (“The Merchant of Venice,” edited for the Clarendon Press by Clark and Wright) note, it seems best not only to accept this sadness as Antonio’s “humour”—in the Elizabethan sense—but to regard it as a proper point of departure according to Shakspeare’s idea of a comedy (see ten Brink, “Shakspeare,” p. 111), which must be

gin in a more or less "painful" fashion and end in general pleasure. Shakspeare, however, breaks conventional bonds of this sort as soon as they touch a character, and he makes Antonio's sadness a consistent part of his temperament. Nor does he spoil tragic unity by any such forced antithesis as some critics have supposed. One thinks of Hamlet's "all's ill about my heart," which suits Hamlet precisely as the light-heartedness of Romeo suits the latter.

5. Abbott (§ 405) supplies "under necessity." Perhaps *learn* here = "teach": "I am yet to be taught." For these unfinished lines, see Abbott, § 511.

6. *Want-wit* = idiot (Schmidt).

8. *Ocean*, trisyllabic. Note the imitative quality of the rhythm, and *cf.* Milton, "Nativity Hymn," 66:

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,

and Marlowe, "Hero and Leander":

To sound forth music to the ocean,

where in both cases the rime is with "began." See v, 102, as compared with v, 91; II, i, 1, and many other cases.

9. *Argosies* = "large merchantmen" (Schmidt).

11. *Pageants*. The pageant was originally the platform or stage drawn about the streets and used for the miracle plays,—a huge affair, often with upper and lower story. (See Ward, "Eng. Dram. Lit.," i, 32 ff.) Our "floats" in parades have been suggested as a modern instance. Perhaps, as Clarendon suggests, Shakspeare "had in his mind the gay barges used in the pageants on the Thames." Of course, the show itself was called by the name of the vehicle; but Shakspeare used the word in its primitive sense.

16. A "run-on" line.

17. *Still* = always, constantly. *Cf.* Ben Jonson's

Still to be neat, still to be drest . . .

19. *Roads* = where ships ride at anchor, a haven. *Cf.* Hampton Roads.

22. *Cooling*. Note the accent after a pause, where word-accent overrides verse-accent. See Abbott, § 452 (8).

23. Schmidt explains: "Would blow an ague to me." *Me* = dative.

27. *Andrew*. The name of the ship, of course; possibly, as some commentators think, named after the Italian admiral, Andrew Doria.

Dock'd. The quartos and the folio have *docks*. Variorum calls attention to the ease with which *s* and *d* could be confused. Hence Rowe's emendation is probably correct.

28. *Vailing*, letting down, lowering, with the connotation of yielding or acknowledging a superior; so Marlowe, "Edward II.," I, ii, 19: "For vailing of his bonnet" = doffing hat, and (iv, 276): "Make him vail the top-flag of his pride."

29. *Burial* = burial-place.

35 ff. Possibly a line is lost; but the sense is plain enough.

36. *Thought*. Though not necessary, it is possible that "thought" has here the meaning of "anxiety," as in "Take no thought for the morrow," so that we should understand: "Shall I have this anxiety in thinking?" etc. Such playing with words—"have the thought," "lack the thought"—was a fashion of Shakspeare's time. See 47 ff.

42. *Bottom*, a ship. Cf. "bottoury" in law, and see Drayton, "Battle of Agincourt," quoted by Richardson:

From Holland, Flanders and from Zealand won
By weekly pay, three-score twelve bottoms came,
From fifty upward to five hundred ton . . .

50. An Alexandrine, or verse of six measures.

52 ff. That is, laugh all the time, so that their eyes are continually half-shut; and laugh at anything,—a bagpiper, or what not. The -er in *bagpiper* has a stress not entirely relieved by hovering accent and by the preceding two heavy syllables. To use these syllables in rimed verse is a fashion revived by modern poets. We find it in Keats (*sped*: *garlanded*), and very often in Swinburne and Rossetti. Chaucer rimes heavier inflectional syllables like -ing (*wedding*: *home-coming*). In Chapman's continuation of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" there is a remarkable case of "wrenched accent,"—the line is perhaps (*seiséd*?) an Alexandrine:—

. . . For his return, he all love's goods did show,
In Hero seis'd for him, in him for Hero,—

which is more than matched by the *Leander*: *her* of the Sixth Sestiad. But Chapman is often as rough as Donne, and sins against Puttenham's law that "the good maker [poet] will not wrench his word to helpe his rime."

54. *Other* = others. See Abbott, § 12.—Delius remarks that *two-headed* in the oath anticipates the two classes.

Aspect, undoubtedly pronounced *aspèct* (cf. Milton, "P. L.," ii, 301). Abbott (§ 490) gives a list of such words; but the undoubted cases have beguiled editors and commentators into changing the accent whenever the metre seems to require it. Shakspeare has *cómplete* and *complète*, and Schmidt ("Lexicon," p. 1413 ff.) gives a valuable list of such words, with an attempt to define a difference in the use of each word according to the accent. But often it is not necessary to assume shifted accent. In "Hamlet," III, ii, 65 :

No, let the candied tongue lick *absurd* pomp,

an intelligent reading of the verse does not require us to accent *ábsurd*, but rather to use hovering accent: *àbsùrd*. All our words of Germanic origin have the so-called "logical accent," that is, a stress on the root-syllable, as distinguished from the grammatical and rhythmical accent of Greek and Latin. Words of French origin in Chaucer seem to hesitate between the original accent and one conformed to English usage, but the final tendency in dissyllabic words of the sort was to throw the accent to the first syllable, which (though it might be a prefix) seemed to pass for the root-syllable. So (in Chaucer) *góddesse* and *goddésse*, and many more of the sort. Moreover, the great law of Germanic rhythm ordains that the verse-accent and the word-accent shall coincide. Wrenched accent is characteristic of early stages of a given metrical system (as in Surrey's blank verse as well as his rhymed iambic pentameters); hovering accent is common with Shakspeare and with Milton. Cf. the latter's

Universal reproach, far worse to bear,

as well as the license of transposed accents, most common in the first measure of a verse and after the pause. To sum up, hover-

ing accent is generally to be preferred to shifted accent. In I, i, 121, and II, vii, 51:—

That you today promised to tell me of,—
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave,—

we read not *promised*, but *promìsed*; not *òbscure*, but *òbscùre*. So Milton, “P. L.,” ii, 210; iii, 564; “Comus,” 449:—

Our *supreme* foe in time may much remit.—
Through the pure marble air his *oblique* way.—
Wherewith she freez’d her foes to *congeal’d* stone.

Aspèct, however, is a clear case, and so is *revénue* in “Hamlet,” III, ii, 63:—

That no *revenue* hast but thy good spirits,

with many others. But the student should always bear in mind (a) the freedom of transposed accents, a relief from monotony which occurs constantly, and (b) this “hovering accent.”

55. *In way* = in the way. See Abbott, § 89.

58. A device to help identification of Bassanio by the spectators. Note that he is Antonio’s kinsman.

59. Abbott (§ 469) gives but one accent to *Antonio*, thus forcing the verse into the usual scheme.

61. *Prevented*, anticipated, as in the Bible. Words derived from the Latin are nearly always used by Elizabethan writers in a sense closer to the Latin than the modern meaning. Such are Herrick’s *candor* of the teeth, the famous passage about elephants *endorsed* with towers, and countless Latinisms of Sir Thomas Browne: *e. g.*, “to conclude in a moist relentment,”—said of bodies buried instead of burned. For Shaksperc’s Latin, see Elze, “W. Shakespeare,” p. 370 ff. For actual foreign words and phrases found in the play, see Schmidt’s Appendix to the “Lexicon.”

63 ff. Professor Moulton thinks this is said “with blunt plainness, as if Salarino were not worth the trouble of keeping up polite fiction.”

67. “We see little of you. *Must* you go?”

74. *Respect upon* = consideration for. Abbott (§ 191) considers that the literal meaning of *respect* (= looking at) influences the choice of a preposition.

78. Q.₁ has *one* instead of *man*.

79. *A sad one.* We cannot agree with Variorum that *sad* here means simply "grave," as in "sad ostent," II, ii, 205. See I, i, 1, note; and the "mortifying groans" just below, which, antithesis to Gratiano's merry way of life, indicate Antonio's constitutional melancholy.

79. *Fool.* A familiar character in the old comedies, remarks Warburton. Thus in "The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art" (about 1575) "here entereth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, synging the foote [*i. e.*, burden] of many songes, *as fooles were wont.*"

80. *Old*—*i. e.*, wrinkles that shall not come until extreme old age, and come then only from laughing. *Old* = "of age." See Schmidt (p. 1414) on "Adjectives doing the office of the first part of compound nouns"; and *cf. old woes* ("Lucrece," 1096) = "woes of old age."

82. *Mortifying* = causing death. See above note to l. 61.—*To cool* = to be depressed, to weaken. *Cf.* the antithetical phrase: "It warms my heart,"—revives me. Mental influence upon the body is here correctly set forth, and Rolfe notes that the only other mention of jaundice in Shakspeare ("Troilus," I, iii, 2) makes the cause a mental one.

90 ff. "Maintain an obstinate silence so as to get the reputation (*opinion*) of wisdom."

92. *Conceit* = mental faculty (Schmidt). *Cf. concept.*

93. The folios read "sir an Oracle," which finds great praise from R. G. White. But Sir Oracle is like Sir Prudence ("Tempest," II, i, 286), Sir Smile ("Winter's Tale," I, ii, 196), Sir Valour ("Troilus," I, iii, 176), and seems natural enough for Gratiano's purpose.—*As who* = French "*comme qui dirait*" (Clarendon). See Abbott, § 257.

98. *Would* = they would: "Ellipsis of Nominative," Abbott, § 399. See "S. Matthew," v, 22. It is this style which M. Arnold blamed in his comments on "Macbeth," I, vii, 63 ff., in the "Essay on Translating Homer."

101. *Melancholy*—that is, the "wilful stillness," the sadness and silence—is a bait which catches only a facile reputation—the foolish gudgeon. In Shakspeare's natural history this fish matches the woodcock among birds. Probably *melancholy* = of melancholy: see above, note to l. 80.

108. *Moe* = more : Anglo-Saxon *mā*. Northern form (in "Fair Janet") = *mae*. Chaucer has both *wordēs mo* and *wordes more*.

110. *Gear*, a wide word, like "thing." See "Sir Andrew Barton"; Child, "Ballads," viii, 505 : "I like not of this geare," and "For howe soe ever this geare doth goe."

111 ff. Abbott (§ 490) scans :

Thanks fáith, | for sílence | is óaly | comménd | ablé
In a néat's | tongue driéd | and a máid | not vénd | iblé.

But we can hardly force these lines into the regular scheme of the blank verse. Rhythm as well as rime breaks away from us. Mr. Gosse has wrongly asserted that triple measure is practically unknown in verse of this period ("Shakspeare to Pope," pp. 9, 160, Am. ed.). The couplet is rather in rough anapestic verse of four accents, a modification of the "tumbling" variety discredited by Puttenham.

113. Rowe's sensible emendation from the original *It is that any thing now*.

124. *Port* = bearing, carriage. *Something* = somewhat.

126. *To be abridged*; i. e., curtailed. Abbott (§ 356) gives a good list of similar cases in Shakspeare where *to* retains its old force as a preposition used with the dative case of the infinitive; here one may paraphrase by "with regard to" or the like. Cf. l. 154 below, and IV, i, 429 : "I will not shame myself to give you this." A good list of Anglo-Saxon infinitive-dative forms with *to* can be found in Grein's "Sprachschatz," ii, 541 ff. For infinitive without *to*, see I, iii, 163.

129. *Time*. Cf. "Hamlet," I, ii, 62 : "Take thy fair hour, Laertes."

130. *Gaged* = pledged.

132. *Warranty*. A number of Germanic words, such as *ward*, *wise*, *warrant*, passing into French, and again into English, were changed to corresponding forms with the initial *g*: *guard*, *guise*, *guarantee* or *guaranty*. Hence the doublets, usually with some differentiation of meaning.

136. *Still* = always. See l. 17 above.

141. *His* = its. Abbott, § 228 : "Its" came into use about 1600, but "is not in the authorized version of the Bible." *Flight* = range.

142. *Advised*, considered. Cf. IV, ii, 6.

143. *Forth* = out. See other cases in Schmidt (3).—The line has six accents, but is rhythmical, and needs no “treatment,”—such as Abbott’s (§ 466) *the other forth* as one “foot,” with *other* not only slurred into *o’r*, but unaccented.

144. The greater flexibility of English in Shakspeare’s time allowed nouns to be used as adjectives (*childhood* = childish) and verbs (“*boy* her greatness”). See Abbott, §§ 22, 430.

145. *Pure innocence*. Variorum suggests “foolishness,” which cannot be far out of the way. Bassanio is not too proud of his scheme.

148. *Self* = same.

154. *To wind*. See note, above, to l. 126.

161. *Prest* = ready.

162. *Belmont*. See passage from “*Il Pecorone*,” *Introd.*, p. xxxiv.

164. *Sometimes* = sometime, formerly. Abbott, § 68, a.

165 ff. *Undervalued to*, of no less value when compared to. Cf. “Hyperion to a satyr,” “*Hamlet*,” I, ii, 140.

169. Golden hair and fair complexion have always been the badge of beauty with Germanic races, from Woden down to the knights and ladies of the popular ballad; and Shakspeare’s own apologies for the dark lady of the Sonnets (127, 130, 131, 132, 137, 141, 147, 150, 152), the “woman colour’d ill,” are well known. The sunny locks of Portia are probably a concession to the English public who would take a stage-beauty on no other terms; for it is to be doubted that they knew anything about Titian’s golden-haired beauties (see Variorum, p. xi), or cared for local color on a basis of Burton’s wisdom (“*Anatomy of Melancholy*,” iii, 2): “We have grey eyes for the most part . . . they be childish eyes, dull and heavy. Many commend on the other side Spanish ladies and those Greek dames . . . for the blackness of their eyes.” Note the apologetic tone of Donne (“*Elegy*”):

The last I saw in all extremes is fair,
And holds me in the sunbeams of her hair . . .
Another’s brown, *I like her not the worse*;
Her tongue is soft and takes [= enchants] me with discourse—

or of Nicholas Yonge’s “*Madrigal*”: “Brown is my love,” where,

however, editors tell us that the original words were Italian. Golden hair was popular enough in ancient Rome.

175. Note the omission of the relative, and *cf.* "Sir Patrick Spens" :

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

177. The Clarendon editors point out Antonio's inconsistency in this statement. See ll. 41-45 above.—*Commodity* is merchandise, something to be used as "collateral."

178. *Neither* need not be contracted into an actual monosyllable. *Cf.* Tennyson, "Princess" :

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawns.

183. *Presently* = immediately. *Cf.* "by and by."

185. As a favor, in the way either of business or of friendship.

SCENE II.

Portia and Nerissa.—"Shakspeare's waiting-women," says Miss Latham (*Trans. New Shaksp. Soc.*, 1887-92, p. 91 ff.), "are sharply divided into the gentlewomen and the domestic servants." She notes the custom (see "Paston Letters," 28 Jan., 1457) of sending young ladies to live in the household of some lady of a higher position than their own. Even married women filled such a place, like Emilia in "Othello" (III, i), where Cassio speaks of "the gentlewoman." Nerissa, then, belongs to the class of gentlewomen along with Helena ("All's Well"), Ursula and Margaret ("Much Ado"), Lucetta ("Two Gentlemen"), and Maria ("Twelfth Night"). See also Hunter's note in *Var.*, p. xi.

1. Portia is by no means so sad as Antonio, not to mention Macbeth's world-weariness; but aside from the Shaksperian notion of comedy (see note to I, i, 1), and the artistic reason for introducing the heroine in this mood, Portia has on her mind that perplexing business of the chests, and perhaps some tender recollections of Bassanio's earlier visit.

1-26. The antithesis and general style remind one of Euphuism, a very proper thing when one remembers that "Euphuës" was in the first instance a book for ladies. For Euphuism, see the introduction to Arber's reprint of "Euphuës"; Jusser-

and, "The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare," chap. iii; and an excellent article by Dr. Landmann, *Trans. New Shaksp. Soc.*, Feb. 10, 1882. The revival of learning led to this refinement of native speech. Spain was the chief source of Euphuism, and the thing was in vogue before Lyly wrote his novel; for Guevara had been translated into English, and his *alto estilo* was duly imitated. In Italy, too, as Landmann points out, there were "the conceits of the Petrarchists, and Marini and the Marinists; in France we meet Ronsard and his school, Du Bartas and the *Précieuses*." See *Introd.*, p. xxiv, for the remarks of Amoretto. "Euphuës" was written for ladies of the English court. The style is overwhelmingly antithetical, alliterative, full of similes, and these are based on a preposterous natural history. Portia and Nerissa do not talk direct Euphuism; but the sentences have a distinctly Euphuistic balance. Not even Armado (in "Love's Labour's Lost") parodies Euphuism; he simply shows stilted talk of the Spanish style. The only direct parody of Euphuism in Shakspeare, thinks Dr. Landmann, is "I Henry IV," II, iv, 438: "Harry, I do not only marvel," etc. Euphuism lost its main vogue about 1590, thanks to Sidney. See Drayton (in 1627) to Henry Reynolds, "Of Poets and Poesie":

The noble Sidney . . .
 . . . did first reduce
 Our tongue from Lyly's writing then in use;
 Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
 Playing with words and idle similes;
 As the English apes and very zanies be
 Of every thing that they do hear and see,
 So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
 They spake and writ all like mere lunatics.

Reduce, of course, = "lead back." But Sidney himself could be affected enough, and employed repetition of catchwords by way of making his style brilliant. There are touches of the sort in this scene between Portia and Nerissa. See Jusserand, "Eng. Novel," p. 255 ff.

7. *Mean* (a). Folio reads *small*, defeating play on words. *To be seated in the mean*, to attain the "golden mean," was the great virtue preached by mediæval didactic poetry. *Temperantia*, mother of all the virtues, was recommended particularly to women.

10. *Sentences* = *sententiae*, maxims, as in Tacitus; for the directly didactic sentence, see the advice of Polonius to Laertes in "Hamlet." To prudence is added piety in George Herbert's *Church Porch*.

25. *Nor refuse none*. The freedom of oldest English to use more than one negative in a clause, lingers in Shakspeare's time. Cf. "Nor never none shall mistress be of it," "Twelfth Night," III, i, 171. See Koch, "Englische Satzlehre," p. 525 ff., and Abbott, § 406.

32. Folio and Q.₂ read: *but one who you shall* . . . In our text, *who* is nominative to *love*.

35. *I pray thee*. *Thou* and *thee* were used to servants and to intimate friends, or else expressed contempt, as "What trade, thou knave, thou naughty knave, what trade?" in "Jul. Cæs.," I, i, 16. *Ye* and *you*, as singular pronouns, began to be used soon after Anglo-Saxon times; *you*, as nominative, occurs as early as the fifteenth century.—In regard to the naming of the suitors, it has been pointed out that this is a repetition, with great improvement, of the scene between Julia and Lucetta, "Two Gentlemen," I, ii.—Ward, "Dram. Lit.," i, 279, suggests that our present scene may imply a tribute to the "much wooed" Elizabeth herself.

37. *Level* = aim.

38. Steevens pointed out that the Neapolitans were famous horsemen.

39. *Colt* = "a young foolish fellow."—Schmidt.

44. *County* = count.—Q.₂ and fol. print *Palentine*. Cf. *messenger* < *messenger*, *passenger* < *passager*, etc.

45 ff. Dr. Furness suggests that this may mean: "If you will not have me, I don't care; take your choice;" or "If . . . , let it alone,—do as you will;" or, again, omitting the comma, and so supplying, in Neptune's manner, a reason for the frown: "If you will not have me choose, ——!"

47 ff. *Weeping philosopher* = Heraclitus.

49. *Had rather*. On this construction, which is correct enough, see not only F. Hall, *American Journal Philology*, ii, 281, but also an excellent note in Jespersen, "Progress in Language," London, 1894, p. 226 ff.: ". . . *had rather* is to be taken as a whole, governing the following infinitive. *Had rather* is used by the

best authors; by Shakespeare at least some sixty times." *Had* is better than *would*, which some people think the only correct phrase; but Jespersen shows that even the folio began to feel uneasy, and once ("Rich. III," III, vii, 161) changed *had* to *would*.

52. *By* = in regard to. See II, ix, 26; Abbott, § 145.

59. *A-capering*. *Capering* is the verbal noun, and *a* = on. Cf. "a hunting," "a fishing." In "The house is building," we understand such an *a* = on.

70. *Proper man's picture*. *Proper* = handsome. "Man's-picture," if so taken (instead of *proper-man's p.*), would be like *mannsbild* in German (Middle High German *mannes bilde*), where *bild* = person.

71. *Dumb-show*. Familiar to Shakspeare's audiences. See "Hamlet," III, ii.—*Suited* = dressed.

75. *Scottish*. So the quartos. The folio, for good reason with King James in the question, has "other."—The Frenchman would naturally side with the Scot.

80. *Another*, sc. "box of the ear."

90. *You should refuse*, as Clarendon notes, = our "you would refuse." Cf. the famous "She *should* have died hereafter," "Macbeth," V, v, 17; and, equally famous, Marlowe, "Tamburlaine," part I, V, i: "If all the pens, etc. . . . yet *should* there hover," etc.

97. *The having any*. English present participles originally ended in *-ende*; the northern form was *-inde*. Finally this ending became *-ing*, thus causing confusion with the verbal nouns. Shakspeare frequently allows the verbal noun to take an object, as if it were a participle: so 116, below; II, ii, 72; etc. Pepys, in his "Diary," is very fond of this construction.

101. *Your father's imposition* = what your father has imposed.

103. *Sibylla* = probably the Cumæan whom Æneas consulted, said to be the same who came to King Tarquin with the famous books.

107. Fol. has: "I wish them a . . ." In 1605 was passed the act forbidding "the great abuse of the holy Name of God in Stage-playes," although, as Variorum points out, the folio has elsewhere "God forbid" and kindred expressions. For the terrific swearing indulged in by people under Elizabeth, see

Traill, "Social England," iii, 384, and Stubbes, "Anatomy of Abuses," p. 132.

112 ff., 117 ff. There is no hesitation, no coquetry in Portia's words, although some actresses seem to think it in place. Nothing could be finer than the simplicity of "I remember him well."

120. *The four estrangers*. Commentators have remarked that there were six.

SCENE III.

Shylock. Farmer pointed out a pamphlet, printed about the time of the play, called "Caleb Shillocke his Prophecie, or the Jewes Prediction"; and Clarendon refers to a ballad of the same title in the Pepys Collection. The name, then, was known in Shakspeare's day.—A dissertation on Shylock is out of place in these notes, particularly in regard to the insoluble problem of what Shakspeare "meant." The grimness of Shylock forbids us to assume mere diversion. Whether he was drawn from life, one can hardly say; but S. L. Lee ("The Original of Shylock," *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1880) shows that there were some Jews in England at the time, in spite of the unrevoked banishment long years before. Honigman (*Jahrbuch*, xvii, 203) insists on the double character of Shylock as a moral Caliban and yet a hero and martyr. Victor Hugo, generalizing in his usual fashion, makes Shylock the incarnate spirit of the Jewish race,—if one may use this word "race" after Darmesteter's protest. Ten Brink, more subtly, compares Shylock with Richard III ("Shakspeare," p. 119 ff.), and calls the former one of the dramatist's most successful characters,—successful in conception, successful in artistic elaboration. Certainly it was common enough in Elizabethan drama to blend in one character the successful but detestable with the ruined but tragic and admirable. Marlowe's "Edward II." offers material for this consideration. The King, and even Mortimer, are detestable in their success, dignified in their tragic ruin. How far Shylock appealed to the Shaksperian audience as such a tragic character, how far he ministered to the traditional hatred and contempt for Jews—"I am a Jew else" (II, ii, 107), notes Mr. Lee, was a common phrase of protest—it is difficult to say. Surely we can get a footing on firmer ground if we take the case of Malvolio in "Twelfth

Night." The tragedy-hint is far less marked, to be sure, precisely as the whole play is sunnier, calmer than the "Merchant of Venice." But there is a certain tragic appeal, a suggestion of undeserved fate, in Malvolio's fall, which all the grotesqueness of the situation cannot hide. Probably the safest refuge in either case is an appeal to Shaksperian irony, along with a wholesome resolve to accept Shylock as we find him, and say, without further question of motive, what Dryden is reported to have said about Chaucer: "Here is God's plenty."—For the wider subject of Elizabethan England and the Jews, see Mr. S. L. Lee's paper under that title in *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, 1887-92, p. 143 ff. From 1290 to the time of Cromwell, says Green, there were no Jews in England; but Green is too fond of positive statements, and Lee makes out a good case for Jews in London from whom Shakspeare might have drawn his Shylock.—For the opinions of actors about this character, see *Variorum*, pp. 370-394.

The dramatic skill of Shakspeare in these three scenes is striking enough. First, we have sad Antonio, with merry foils, and the romantic quest of Bassanio. Secondly, there is Portia, mocking her own solicitude in light play of wit over a more than grave situation, with the pretty half-confession about Bassanio. Now comes this Shylock, striking straight into the two motives—friendship and love—with a tragic threat so admirable in its weaving that we utterly forget the flimsy material, the absurd character of that merry bond. Exposition, the object of a first act, was never better achieved than here.

1. *Ducats*. What value one sets upon the ducat,—whether Coryat's 4s. 8d., in which case one must increase six or eight fold in order to get a modern equivalent, or not,—it is evident that Shakspeare meant this to be a large sum of money.

4. *The which*. See Abbott, § 270.

7. *May . . . Will*. Are you able to help me, and will you do me the favor?

18. *Rialto*. "At the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the after-

noon."—Coryat, in Var. Clarendon quotes Florio's derivation from *Rivo Alto*, a high shore.

20. *Squandered* = "scattered," the original meaning of the word. See Skeat's "Etym. Dict."

37. *A fawning publican*. Note the change to verse. As for the expression, surely "publican" in the biblical sense is meant, as Elze insists. In "fawning," however, the commentators find a difficulty. Professor Moulton ("Shaks. as Dram. Artist," p. 61) actually gives the line to Antonio! The "publican," however, would "fawn" on his superiors, after the manner, say, of German officials, and Antonio, in Shylock's view, would "fawn" on his superiors, the richer merchants, and the noblemen of Venice. Shylock he would treat, and does treat, with the insolence of a Roman publican towards the Jews. The "low simplicity," alluded to below, justifies the "fawning," and "publican" is a good, mouth-filling epithet for Shylock's purposes.

38 ff. See Abbott, § 151.

41. *Usance*—that is, usury, interest—was still regarded in Shakspeare's time as an unholy thing. Bacon's "Essay of Usurie" is well known. English law, however, recognized interest in Shakspeare's time,—usury was legalized by Henry VIII.,—striving to limit it to ten and then to eight per cent. "In the Middle Ages, borrowing implied misfortune or thriftlessness, and lending at interest meant generally the taking advantage of a neighbour's distress or folly."—Traill, "Social England," p. 543. This feeling was still strong, in spite of mercantile and legal customs. Thus in a tract already quoted, John Udall's "State of the Church of England" (Arber's "Eng. Schol. Lib.," No. 5), which appeared in 1588, the usurer—one of the characters—is said to live by "an unlawful trade," and the bishops are blamed for befriending such a fellow. Says the usurer of his puritan critic: "He . . . tooke me up . . . because I saide I lived by my money and was of no other trade, calling me caterpillar, thief and murderer, and saide plainly, that he that robbed in Stan-gate-hole was an honestest man than I." And the puritan: "Sir, I saide nothing to him but the truth out of the Word of God, in condemning of usurie . . . and shewed him the horribleness of the sinne, the inconveniences temporal that come of it in the commonwealth, and the judgements of God against the practises thereof." We

need not wonder at Antonio's point of view. On this whole subject, see Lecky, "History of Rationalism in Europe," ii, 241 ff. It must be remembered that Jews were permitted to ply this trade, because they "had no scruples on the subject and . . . had adopted this profession partly because of the great profits they could derive from it, and partly because it was almost the only one open to them."

42. *Upon the hip*. A term in wrestling. See IV, i, 332, and "Othello," II, i, 314.

47. *Which he calls interest*. "Le Fevre, who was tutor to Louis XIII., mentions that in his time the term interest had been substituted for usury, and he added : 'C'est la proprement ce qu'on peut appeler l'art de chicaner avec Dieu.' Marot also, who wrote in the first half of the sixteenth century, made this change the object of a sarcasm :

' On ne prête plus à l'usure,
Mais tant qu'on veut à l'interet.' "

—Lecky, "Hist. Rationalism in Europe," ii, 257.

58. *Excess*; *i. e.*, over the amount; interest.

59. *Ripe wants*, "arrived at a point where they must be supplied."—Schmidt.

60. Q.₁ reads : "Are you resolv'd How much he would have ?" Fol. : "Is he yet possess'd How much he would ?"—where the second *he* is probably a misprint for *ye*, as in our text, which follows the other quartos. This, of course, must be addressed to Bassanio, who does not answer. Dr. Furness prefers the reading of Q.₁. See his note in Var., p. 40 ff.

69. *As* = "for so": Abbott, § 110.

74. *Compromised* = agreed. Cf. Lat. *compromissum*, a bond or engagement. *Eanling* = a new-born lamb. See Skeat's "Dict.," under *yea*.

75. *Pied* = party-colored.

77. *Peeled me*. *Me* = ethical dative, frequent in Shakspeare. Cf. Abbott, § 220.

97. *Beholding* = "beholden," as often in the plays.

111. *Still* (= always) *have I borne it* . . . The commentators refer to Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," ii, 2, especially :

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog.

113. *Call.* *Called* would make a better antithesis : see *Vari-orum*.

114. *Gaberdine*, "a long and loose outer garment," but not distinctively Jewish. The yellow bonnet was the mark of the Jew.

136. *A breed for.* Fol. reads *of*. *A breed for barren metal* is increase, interest (harping, perhaps, on Shylock's story about Jacob) for a thing which is barren and cannot in any natural way beget increase.

138. *Who if he break.* Shakspeare may have been thinking (see Var.) of a construction like *Qui si fidem franget* ; but it is the common "anacoluthon," noticed, *e. g.*, in the opening sentence of Milton's "Areopagitica," and in cases mentioned by Abbott, § 249. See also a sentence quoted by Koch from an older translation of the Bible (John, x, 12) : "A schepherde, *whos* ben not the scheep *his owne*."

142. *Doit*, "smallest piece of money."

145. *This were kindness*—*sc.* in any one else.—For the metre, see Abbott, § 514.

147. *Single bond.* Possibly an English legal phrase meaning "without condition" ; but this requires us to adopt Mr. Rolfe's suggestion that Shylock wishes Antonio to think the "condition" of the forfeit of a pound of flesh really no condition at all, a bit of sheer fun. Schmidt says *single* is "mere," "only" ; but Dr. Furness would explain it as referring to Antonio,—"*separate*," which is really the explanation of Clarendon,—"*without sureties*."

151. *Equal*, exact.—*For* is nearly redundant : Abbott, § 148.

163. *Teaches*, the Northern or Late Northumbrian plural in *-s*, instead of the original (Anglo-Saxon) *-th* of Southern English. This Northern *-s* took the place of *-th* in the singular, 3d pers. ; but in the plural is now found only in dialect. The ballads are fond of it ; and *cf.* the song in "Cymbeline," II, iii :

. . . Phœbus 'gins arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that *lies* . . .

165. *Break his day.* In "The Geste of Robin Hood" there is a legal case which makes good reading for comparison with our play. *Cf.* 103² : "I am come to holde my day," and 106¹ : "Thy daye is broke."

168. For *estimable*, slurred, see Abbott, § 495.

172. *For my love*. Does not this mean: "And, as regards my love, my friendly motive in the business, do not misunderstand me . . . ?"

177. *Fearful* = to be feared, untrustworthy. *Cf.* *painful*, in "Sonnet" 25. = "taking pains," with the ordinary "full of pain"; *careful* ("Rich. II., II, ii, 75) = "full of care," with the ordinary "taking care."

178. *Knave* = "boy" (Ger. *Knabe*), with humorous or contemptuous connotation, like our "rogue," "rascal," etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

"The old stage direction is as follows: 'Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their traine.'"—Clarendon.

1. *Complexion*. So many figures of speech in Elizabethan poetry are based upon the doctrines of Galenical medicine, that the teacher would do well either to give his class an account of the "humours" and kindred lore, or else require a brief theme on the subject, with reference to a good cyclopædia. Here *complexion* has its modern meaning, but in III, i, 27 it means *nature*, *temperament*, the complex of "humours" in the body. When these were well balanced, the complexion (best shown by the color of the face) was good.

6. *Reddest*. Red blood, of course, indicating courage, high birth, and manly qualities generally.—For the superlative, see Abbott, § 10.

12. *Thoughts* = affection; somewhat like "fancy."

14. *Nice* = "fanciful, fastidious" (Clarendon).

18. *Wit* = judgment.

20 ff. Commentators have pointed out the dubious nature of this compliment. *Cf.* Portia's remarks on the other suitors. Clarendon thinks that *fair* plays on Morocco's complexion.

25. *Sophy*. This, in Shakspeare's time, had "grown to be the common name of the Emperor of Persia."

26. Clarendon suggests that Solyman the Magnificent may be meant, and his unfortunate campaigns against Persia in 1535.

27. *Outstare*. Q.₂ and fol. have *on-stare*.

29. Note the hovering accent of the final measure in this verse.

31. *Alas the while*, originally, as commentators suggest, an imprecation upon conditions of the present time. "Woe worth the day," quoted from Ezekiel, xxx, 2 (add the well-known passage in "Lady of the Lake"), is generally misunderstood. *Worth* = "be to," from the Anglo-Saxon pres. subj. of *weorþan*; and this helps us to understand the original flavor of imprecation.

36. *Page*. Theobald's happy emendation for the *rage* of quartos and folios.—Lichas, "an attendant of Hercules, brought his master the poisoned garment."—Smith, "Class. Dict."

44. *Temple*. Keightley wishes to read *table*.

46. *Blest or cursedst*. Both superlatives. See Schmidt's list of similar cases, p. 1419; *cf.* "A weak and colder palate," "Troil.," IV, iv, 7; "The generous and gravest citizens," "Measure," IV, vi, 13; and Goethe, "Faust," II, iii (Lament for Byron): "Dir in klar und trüben Tagen."

SCENE II.

"Enter the Clowne alone" is the original stage direction.

1. Commentators suggest, in view of what follows, that "will not serve" should be read. But Launcelot says it in a kind of coaxing doubt: "Surely my conscience *will* yield, serve me, do as I wish."

8 ff. Steevens pointed out "Much Ado," III, iv, 51:

I scorn that with my heels.

10. *Via* was used in England to encourage horses.

16. *Something grow to*. *Cf.* "As You Like It," I, i, 90: "Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness." Clarendon explains it as a "household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste."

20. Q.₁ here reads: "Fiend . . . you counsel ill," a reading retained by Pope and others, and defended by Dr. Furness.

22. *God bless the mark*, an apologetic or satiric phrase. *Mark* is obscure. Professor Child suggested to Dr. Furness a reference to Ezekiel, ix, 6.

25 ff. *Incarnal*. Other texts read *incarnation*. Of course, *incarnate* is meant. See *confusions*, l. 35. The similar antics of Dogberry, the clown in "Hamlet," and other of Shakspeare's characters, will occur to the reader; but it must be noted that this was a time when new words, "inkhorn terms," were flooding the English language, and rousing people to lively interest in the matter of vocabulary. Fiedler ("Gram. der Engl. Sprache," 2d ed., p. 106) remarks that of Elizabethan writers Bacon and Raleigh are conspicuous for refusing such facile coinage. The great majority, however, held with Marlowe's pedant that it is "a special gift to form a verb."

34. *Sand-blind*, probably a popular etymology (*sand*, as if specks or blurs in the eyes) from a supposed *sam-blind* = half-blind.—"Cent. Dict."

35. *Confusions*, for "conclusions," which is the reading of Q.1.

40. *Marry* = Mary, a common oath.

41. *Of no hand*. See Abbott, § 165.

43. *Sonties*. Schmidt prefers *santé* or *sanctity* as the original word. Others say *saintes*.

49. *Master*. "The title which men give to esquires and other gentlemen." Webster, in the dedication of the "White Devil," gives this title to his brother dramatists.

51. *Well to live*: "With every prospect of a long life" (*Variorum*); "in good case" (Schmidt).

52. *A'* = he. Cf. the *a* in *quotha*. This colloquial contraction occurs in Chaucer (cf. Kittredge, "Troilus," p. 152), and is still common in certain dialects. As *ha* it occurs for *he* in Early Middle English. *An't* = an it, if it. *An* is probably a weakening of older *and* = if.

54. *Ergo* (for a list of foreign words used by Launcelot, see Schmidt, p. 1425 ff.) is here used in its proper meaning: "Because I am 'your worship,' and Launcelot is my friend, therefore, are you not talking of *Master* Launcelot?"

57. Therefore [I am] Master Launcelot.

65. *Hovel-post* = "post of a shed."

66. *Father* was a common and familiar title for old men.

78. Launcelot has knelt with his back to his father, which explains the following mistake about hair and beard.

89. *Lord worshipped might he be!* Ingenious attempts to refer this phrase to Launcelot are idle enough. It is merely another way of saying "Lord be praised!"

91. *Fill* = "thill" = shaft of a cart.

98 ff. *Set up my rest.* Cf. "Rom. and Jul.," IV, v, 6, and perhaps *Lear*, I, i, 125. It was probably a phrase used in a game of cards (primero?), and meant to risk one's money, to lay a heavy wager on the chance of the game; hence to be fully resolved.

103. *Give me.* This so-called ethical dative is so common in Shakspeare that the teacher should use the examples given by Abbott (§ 220), and should call attention not only to the same idiom in modern German, but also to kindred phrases like "*your philosophy*" ("Hamlet," I, v, 167), common now in colloquial English.

115. *Gramercy.* Chaucer ("Nonne Prestes Tale," 150) uses the older form:

Madame, quod he, *graunt* [= *grand*] *mercy* of your lore.

124. *Cater-cousins.* Note Gobbo's apology for using the phrase. The sense is plain,—“on poor terms of intimacy,”—but the meaning of *cater* is obscure. Johnson suggested *quatre*; *i. e.*, fourth cousins. Hales thinks of “mess-fellow”; *i. e.*, *cater*. Clarendon: “May the word come from *quêteur*, and mean ‘as good friends as two friars begging for rival convents?’” The “New English Dictionary” practically inclines to the explanation of Hales, and suggests the parallel of *foster-father*, etc. *Cater* = *ca-tour*, “aphetic form of *acatour*,” one who purchases food.

127. *Frutify*, with some such notion as “certify,” and possibly (see *Variorum*) harking back to Launcelot's *specify*, which is taken as “spicify,”—spice and fruit.

139. *Preferr'd* = recommended. *Preferment* = promotion.

143. Clarendon quotes the Scotch proverb: The grace of God is geir enough.

148. *Guarded* = trimmed, and this (Ang.-Sax. *trymman*) means “strengthened,” which is almost the same as *guarded*.

151. *Table* = the palm of the hand. The commentators suggest many explanations; but may we not get good sense by read-

ing *as* for *a*? “Which doth offer (*i. e.*, itself) to swear upon (= for swearing upon) as book (*i. e.*, so veracious that one could use it as Bible, etc.).” *I shall have good fortune* would then be a sentence by itself.

153. *Simple line*, “an ordinary line,” said ironically. The expressions are taken from palmistry.

172. Abbott’s explanation (§ 212) of this *thee* is certainly wrong. See an excellent discussion of the substitution of *thee* for *thou*, in Jespersen’s “Progress in Language,” London, 1894, p. 247 ff. In unemphatic position the *-ou* (then *û*) weakened precisely as our *-ou* (= *û*) weakens in *you* when the pronoun has no emphasis. There can be no question, however, that the impersonal construction with datives (“if you like” = if it like you) helped the general change from nominative (*ye, thou*) to dative (*you, thee*).

177. *Liberal* = gross, too “free,” licentious. Cf. the “liberal shepherds,” “Hamlet,” IV, vii, 171.

180. *Misconsterd* spells the folio, as the word was then pronounced. (*Misconstred*: Qq.)

185. *Hood* . . . *with my hat*. Hats were then worn at meals; and consistent Quakers early in this century kept on their hats when at table.

188. *Sad ostent*: “show of staid and serious behavior.” (Johnson.)

SCENE III.

5. *Soon at supper*, like *soon at night* = this very night. See Schmidt (3).

10. Tears must show what my tongue would say if it could come to utterance.

11. *Did*. The oldest editions read *do*.

12. *Get* = beget; if we retain *do* in the line above, *get* has its ordinary meaning, and refers to Lorenzo.

SCENE IV.

5. *Us*. Either = “for ourselves,” or misprint for *as*, which is the reading of F.₄.—Note hovering accent in final measure, and cf. 23, 39, and II, vi, 40, as well as I, i, 53.

6. *Quaintly*, strikingly, in such a way as to attract attention. Skeat notes that *cognitus*, from which *quaint* is derived, was confused with *comptus* = neat, graceful.

13. Perhaps Dr. Furness goes too far in making this conventional quibble testify to the fact that Jessica is not of an Oriental complexion. Variorum, p. 81.

23. *Provided of*. Cf. "Macbeth," I, ii, 13 :

Supplied of kernes and gallowglasses.

26. *Some hour*. Abbott, § 21 : "About an hour."

29. *Needs*, adverbial genitive : "of necessity."—What follows involves zeugma of the verb : "She has directed . . . [and has told me] what gold," etc. (Schmidt, p. 1419). Cf. IV, i, 75 ff.

37. *Faithless*, without faith, infidel.

SCENE V.

19. Clarendon quotes dream-lore : "Some say that to dream of money, and all kind of coyne is ill."—As for *to-night*, cf. l. 37, below, where it is used in the modern sense. Here, *to-night* means "this night," "last night." For the general use cf. (Koch, "Satzlehre," p. 380) : "To middan dæge ic ete" : I dine at mid-day. See also Abbott, § 190.

24. *Black-Monday*, Easter-Monday. Cf. "Piers Plowman" (ed. Skeat), iii, 192 :

And draddest to be ded for a dym cloude.

On "the morrow after Easter Day (1360), King Edward with his host lay before the city of Paris ; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horsebacks with the cold ; *wherefore unto this day it hath been called the Black Monday*."—Stow, quoted by Skeat.

30. *Wry-neck'd fife*. Instrument or performer ? "To send a trumpet"—*i. e.*, a man with a trumpet—is a common phrase ; and see Variorum (note, p. 89) for the position of a fife-player's head. Probably, however, the instrument is meant.

33. It is doubtful whether masks or actually painted faces be meant. In any case Shylock is thinking both of the disguise and of the deception.

43. For omitted relative, see I, i, 175.—*Jewes* read the quartos and folios ; but this spelling does not exclude the *Jewess*' of our text, an emendation which began with Pope. Perhaps there is a reference to some proverb about "a Jew's eye" in the way of mutilation or ransom ; but no actual proverbs are quoted.

46. *Patch* = a fool, a jester, probably so named from the motley dress. A term of contempt. Cf. "Macbeth," V, iii, 16 : "What soldiers, patch ?"

48. Wild-cats, as Clarendon suggests, prowl and prey by night, sleep during the day ; but one never knows what astounding notion may lie at the root of any Elizabethan reference to animals. See Jusserand's "Engl. Novel," p. 106 ff.

50 ff. *That* . . . *his* = whose. Cf. Chaucer, "Knight's Tale," 1851 ff. :

. . . namely oon [one],
That with a spere was thirlēd [pierced] his brest-boon.

SCENE VI.

2. The half lines exactly correspond, and together make an Alexandrine ; common in Shakspeare.

5. The doves which draw the chariot of Venus. Schmidt considers that *faster*, as applied to the second member of the sentence, means "more firmly" : "Their swiftness in sealing bonds is greater than their firm constancy in keeping them." Of course (see Variorum) it is Venus, drawn by the pigeons, who seals the bonds.

7. *Obliged* = bound by contract. (Clarendon.)

9. Abbott, § 394.

10. Clarendon quotes "King John," V, iv, 52 :

We will untread the steps of damned flight,

i. e., tread in reverse order ; retrace.

14. Qq. have *younger* ; fol. 1, 2, *yonger*. Rowe suggested the modern reading.

15. *Scarfed*, adorned with flags.—Commentators point out the disturbing *she* (17), as well as a change from *a prodigal* to *the prodigal* (son). Variorum hints at possible corruption of the text. For the gender, Meurer notes that *silver* (II, vii, 22),

fortune, misfortune, nature, and even the *wealthy Andrew* are feminine.

16. *Cf.* "Othello," IV, ii, 78 ff.

24. "Metrically defective," say the commentators, and suggest "Come, approach," or "Come, then, approach." But *approach* may be trisyllabic, like so many words with *r*; and the preceding pause alone would compensate for the omitted syllable.

30. *Who*. A common accusative in this construction, not only in Shakspeare's time, but at present. The clash between "grammar" and usage is recognized more in America than in England. *Whom* in a question like "Whom do you mean?" Sweet ("Short Historical English Grammar," § 384) declares to be "extinct." See Jespersen's admirable book, "Progress in Language," § 171, with examples and references.

35. *Exchange*; *i. e.*, for a boy's dress. All the women in the play wear this disguise on occasion; and Jusserand reminds us ("Engl. Nov.," p. 238) that not only were the novels full of this expedient, but it was common in real life. Queen Elizabeth was actually advised to travel as page to Melville, the Scottish ambassador, that she might meet the Queen of Scots. "Alas," sighed Elizabeth, "if I might do it thus!"

42. *Too too*. *Cf.* "Hamlet," I, ii, 129. A common iteration: "often used [as a compound] to denote *exceeding*." See *Vari-orum*, p. 98.

44. *Should be* = ought to be.

51. *Hood*. Malone took this to be the hood of Gratiano's "masqued habit"; Steevens preferred a friar's hood; White says the oath is "by my self," *i. e.*, "by my estate," etc., making hood = Anglo-Saxon *hād*, one's profession or rank. As Gratiano is not unlike those gentlemen of light literature who swear so terribly by their boots, we may refer this weighty matter to the toilet, and support its dignity by a line in Marlowe's "Edw. II." (I, iv), where Gaveston

. . . wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl.

Gentile: In the fol., *gentle*, a confusion intended by Shakspeare.

52. *Beshrew* = curse.

SCENE VII.

4. *Who*, for *which*. Not as common a transfer as *which* for *who*. Cf. "King John," II, i, 575:

The world, *who* of *itself* is peised well.

5, 7, 9. The inscriptions are in the so-called Alexandrine measure.

26. *If thou be'st*. See Schmidt's list under *Be* (4), where "*thou be'st* = *thou be* after *if*." Of course, the form is indicative, and Mr. Rolfe says it must not be confounded with the subjunctive *be*; but that is precisely what happened in older forms of modern English. See Sweet, "Short Historical English Grammar," p. 189 ff.

30. *Disabling* = discrediting, disparagement.

41. "Hyrcania was a name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian."—Clarendon.

43, 47. *Portia* is here an incipient refrain to mark off a stanzaic arrangement of blank verse familiar to us in Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears" in "The Princess." Marlowe was fond of such an arrangement, and Professor Katharine Lee Bates, in her edition of this play, quotes the lines about Zenocrate from "Tamburlaine," Part II, II, iv.—See the famous amœbean verses of this play (V, i, 1 ff.) for a different device.

50. *It* = lead.

51. *Rib* = enclose. *Cerecloth* = shroud, so called from the wax in the fabric. Cf. *cerements*, which Hood uses in his "Bridge of Sighs."—*Obscure*. Note the "hovering accent."

53. Clarendon points out that this was the ratio in England in 1600.

56. The angel was worth ten shillings and had a device of Michael piercing the dragon.—Clarendon. Whether *Angelus* and *Anglus* "moved our former kings" to such coinage, may be left in doubt.

57. *Insculp'd upon*. An angel engraved upon the coin; whereas here an angel (*Portia's* picture) lies within.

69. *Tombs*. Quartos and folios read *timber*. The emendation is Dr. Johnson's.

77. *Part* = depart. Cf. Milton, "Nativ. Hymn," 183 ff.:

From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent.

The "flourish of cornets," appropriate here, is found (in the folio) at the beginning of the next scene. The editors of the "Cambridge Shakspeare" (II, 449, note) have made the transfer.

SCENE VIII.

19 ff. The hurrying and huddled metre corresponds admirably to the mood of Shylock.

27. *Reason'd* = discussed, talked.

33. *You were best*. The dative *you*, partly for phonetic and partly for syntactic reasons, absorbed the functions of the nominative *ye*, and such a construction as this (= for you [it] were best) became unintelligible. Few ordinary readers now know that *methinks* (= it seems to me) is a very different phrase from "I think"; and this ignorance spoils the force of Hamlet's "Me-thinks I see my father." The loss of the dative is responsible for such a construction as "*He* was given a reception." Confusion had begun in Shakspeare's time, and he uses "I were better," "I were best" (V, 175), as well as the phrase under discussion.

39. *Slubber* = slur over.

42. *Mind of love*. Heath, followed by Abbott (§ 169), puts a comma after *mind*, and makes *of love* = "for the sake of the love you bear me"; but Clarendon reads as in our text, and explains "loving mind." To insert the comma is wrong, for it spoils the metre; but the interpretation of *mind of love* needs discussion. Unquestionably *of* + noun is often used to express a quality, and so takes the place of an adjective, as *a god of power* = powerful god; *thieves of mercy* = merciful; *brow of youth* = youthful, and *oath of credit*, below, V, 236. Schmidt includes our phrase in his valuable list (p. 797), but he also includes *waste of shame* ("Sonnet" 129) in

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action,

glossing = "shameful waste." This robs of its force one of the strongest lines ever written, besides jarring upon metrical emphasis. "The shame is not merely an accident, but the essence," writes a distinguished English scholar who agrees with the present editor,—a waste which *is* shame. There is not the same objection to *mind of love* = loving mind; but it seems better to understand it as objective,—“your mind bent upon love, your purposes of courtship.” Cf. “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” V, ii, 412:

Henceforth *my wooing mind* shall be express’d
In russet yeas . . .

and in this play, above, II, v, 37:

I have no *mind of feasting* forth to-night.

48. *Sensible* = sensitive.

52. The heaviness, sadness, to which he clings.

SCENE IX.

9. *Three things*, a sort of spondee; the accents of verse and of word are equally heavy, and unite to give proper emphasis.

18. *To hazard*. Clarendon takes this as a noun.

19. *Address’d* = prepared.

26. *By* = for.

27. *Fond* = foolish.

28. Note the metre.—*The martlet* is the martin,—*Hirundo urbica*, says Schmidt. This is not a case of Euphuistic natural history. See also “Macbeth,” I, vi, 4.

41. *Estates*, “ranks and dignities.”

44. *Cover*, “wear their hats as masters.”—Clarendon.

61. Mr. M. F. Libby, of Toronto, kindly permits the editor to quote an unpublished note on this line. He thinks it means: “I have the misfortune to reject you as a suitor; do not make me add insult to injury by declaring that you deserved nothing better than you got,”—that is, the line refers to Portia’s attitude, and is not, as Eccles thought, a rebuke to Arragon. It is surely no rebuke; but perhaps a better explanation would be: “Do not confuse the insult (of the idiot’s head and the inscription) with my purely judicial attitude in presiding over your choice and enforcing its

conditions." If the line refers to Arragon, it is consoling, not rebuking: "You made a bad judgment, but you committed no offence,"—though this is unlikely.—Note the hovering accent on *distinct*.

68. *I wis*. See *ywis* (= Ger. *gewiss*, "certainly") in Skeat's "Dictionary." Shakspeare probably uses the phrase as pronoun and verb, and so understood it as = "I wot." Even in Chaucer's time *wist* was occasionally used in the indicative present, second person. Of course, *iwis*, *ywis*, was common enough in Middle English, and may have been an adverb still for Shakspeare, with corrupted spelling. In both cases the root is the same.

86. Dyce pointed out this "sportive rejoinder" of Portia, who is merry in her relief of mind, and calls the servant "my lord" in answer to his "my lady," as Prince Hal greets Mrs. Quickly ("I Hen. IV.," II, iv, 315):

Hostess.—O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince.—How now, my lady the hostess!

89. *Sensible regreets* = perceptible or tangible greetings.

92. *Likely* = pleasing, one who fits his office.

98. *High-day* = holiday, exceptionally fine, choice.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

2. *Unchecked* = uncontradicted.

3 ff. The Goodwin Sands in the English Channel, then often called "The Narrow Sea."

9. Dr. Furness, rejecting White's "ginger-nuts," and improving on the "snap off, break short," of older editors, suggests that *knapped* = "nibbled," and points to "Measure for Measure," IV, iii, 8:—"ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead,"—as proof that gossips affected the root. Delius explains in the same way.

27. *Complexion*, temperament, and hence "nature." See note II, i, 1.

Match = bargain.

49 ff. Note the forcible prose of this passage. Would it be improved by metre?

64. *Humility* = humanity, kindness. Schmidt has shown that with Shakspeare *humanity* = human nature, never what we call "humane" qualities.

85. *Thou*. Fol.₂ has *then*, which Dr. Furness commends.

100. The Qq. and Ff. have *here*, which Rowe changed to *where*, adding the interrogation mark. Dr. Furness defends the original reading on the ground that Shylock had heard rumors of the wreck (*cf.* l. 2 ff. of this scene), but would not trust the report, but now learns the truth of it, and that the wreck did not happen in England, but is known "here in Genoa."

113. The Turquoise (fol. *Turkies*) is the stone for a lover's ring, as it changed its color if the giver fell into trouble or grew inconstant. For similar tests, *cf.* Child, "Ballads," i, 260 ff., 268 ff. The point here is that Shylock values the ring for its association with Leah.

SCENE II.

6. *Quality* = manner (Schmidt).

7 ff. These lines have occasioned much comment. They may mean (1) "Lest you should not know me well enough, as things stand, for such a step as marriage,—although, after all, maidenly modesty will keep me from saying much of my feelings,—stay here some month or two before you venture"; or (2) "For fear you may not understand why I wish you to postpone your hazard,—let me say . . . but, you know, a girl thinks many things she doesn't say,—I will simply ask you to wait a month or two." Those who wish to consider the passage curiously, may read the long note in Variorum (p. 134 ff.) and track the references. In any case, Portia's sentiment is clear; and nothing could be more charming than the growth of "a day or two" into "some month or two."

15. *O'erlooked*, "subdued by the look" (Schmidt), fascinated, bewitched (Clarendon); with reference to "Merry Wives," V, v, 87. Is there not also a reference to reviewing, looking over, in the sense of *making an inventory*? Then the "dividing" comes in, after Shakspeare's manner. *Cf.* a similar play on the word

oversee, which Schmidt uses in one sense for comparison with *o'erlook*, in "Lucrece," 1205 ff. :

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !

20. If it prove so,—that I, yours really, am not yours by this lot,—Fortune, not I, ought to bear the torture of loss and separation.

22. *Peize*, poise, weigh : "to retard by hanging weights" (Steevens).

39. *Fear* (for) *the enjoying*, lest I shall not enjoy. Abbott, § 200.

32. Torture was not unknown in England under Elizabeth, though it "had always been illegal." James I. presided in person over the torture of Dr. Fian, accused of witchcraft; and the diabolical character of Scotch tortures is well known.

49 ff. Malone thought that this was an allusion to the coronation of Henry IV. of France in 1594.

54. *More love*. "Because Hercules rescued Hesione, not for love of the lady, but for the sake of the horses promised him by Laomedon. See Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' xi, 211-214."—Clarendon.

56. *Virgin tribute* = tribute of virgins : see note to I, i, 80.

61. *Live thou* = if thou live.—*Much much more*, the reading of Q.₂. Cf. *too too*, above, II, vi, 42.

63. Schmidt makes *fancy* in this place = love. So "fancy-free," "Mids. N. Dr.," II, i, 164. Dr. Furness interprets : "As the song says, fancies (which sometimes in Shakespeare mean genuine passion, but here it hints only a passing sentiment) come by gazing, have no life deeper than the eyes where they are born." Hence, the song tells Bassanio to beware of merely external attractions ; and Bassanio responds : "So—I understand the hint—so may the outward shows," etc. If one objects to this forced interpretation of fancy, and desires to understand it as love pure and simple, one may consider the answer in the song as conditional. If love be merely a matter of the eyes, and if the lover can always "meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy" ("As You Like It," III, v, 29), then love is no real love ; hence, —and the moral is the same.

67. *Eyes*. Qq. have *eye*.

81. *Vice*, F.₂. The quartos and F.₁ have *voice*.

87. *Excrement* = the "beards" of l. 85,—“that which *grows out of the body*,” another illustration of the rule that words derived from the Latin tend in time to lose their original meaning.

94. *Supposed fairness* = “surmounting fictitious beauty,” explains Clarendon. Mr. Rolfe connects with preceding line: “On the strength of their fictitious beauty.”

95 ff. Clarendon refers to “Timon,” IV, iii, 144, and “Sonnet” 68.

97. *Guiled*. This is not a participle, but an adjective (see Schmidt, p. 1417), and means “full of guile.”

99. This is the great *crux* of our play. Dr. Furness has two pages of notes, and since the date of this Variorum edition the discussion goes merrily on: see, for example, *Notes and Queries*, 1889, Jan. 19 (p. 42), May 18 (p. 384), July 20 (p. 44).—In spite of objections, why not retain text and punctuation, and find sufficient antithesis by laying stress on *Indian*? “The beauteous scarf is the deceptive ornament which leads to the expectation of something beneath it *better* than an *Indian* beauty” (Bray, quoted by Variorum).—We remember the prejudice for fair beauty: see above, note to I, i, 169.

102. *Hard food for Midas*. As Dr. Furness points out, Shakspeare probably got his knowledge of Ovid from Arthur Golding’s translation of the “*Metamorphoses*,” in which (xi, 102 ff.) is told the story of Midas.

106. *Paleness*. On account of (103) *pale*, Warburton read *plainness*, which Dr. Furness, for various reasons, seems to approve.

107. Ten Brink prettily uses this choice of the leaden casket as illustration against the pet argument of the Baconians, contending that we too should not insist on outward greatness or success as conditions for a work of genius.

109. *As* = namely.

112. *Rain*. F.₁, F.₂, and Q.₂ have *raïne*; Q.₁ has *range*; Q.₃, Q.₄ have *rein*. The last (= check, rein in) would give the best reading.

115. *Counterfeit* = portrait. Cf. the German *Conterfei* and *Conterfeien*.

124. The *having* in this “negligent construction” depends on

the preceding *he*, which gives way to the *one* as subject of what follows. This huddling style, however,—note the break in 123,—suits the occasion.

126. *Unfurnish'd*, “not equipped with its fellow eye.”—Clarendon.

130. *Continent*. Note the nearness to the Latin: “that which contains.”

140. That is, to “claim her with a kiss,” as the “note” directed, which is to be “confirm’d, sign’d, ratified” by Portia.

141. *Prize*, “a contest for a reward.”—Schmidt.

149. Mr. M. F. Libby insists upon Shakspeare’s art in “showing the height of a character by foils or graded inferiors,” just as he shows the height of Dover Cliffs by steps. Morocco is the first step, and Arragon the second; so we come to “the modest and manly Bassanio.”—Dr. Furness, with his usual kindness, sent this note, as well as that for II, ix, 61, to the editor; and Mr. Libby has kindly allowed both to be quoted in these Notes.

157. *Livings*, “property, possession, fortune.”—Schmidt.

159. *Sum of something*. The folios read *nothing*. Clarendon puts a dash before *something*, as if Portia were hesitating “for a word which shall describe herself appropriately.”

162. Clarendon pronounces the line “defective both in metre and sense,” and seems to approve Capell’s “happier than this in that . . .” Fol.₁ reads “happier then this”; Fol.₂, ₃, ₄ “happier then in this,” which is the reading Variorum prefers, considering that the *in* is really present in the *then* of Fol.₁.—*Learn* may be dissyllabic, and the sense is good enough as our text stands.

164. Collier reads *in* for *is*.—Clarendon explains *happiest* as neuter.

192. *From me*. Dr. Furness approves Abbott, § 158: “none differently from me, none which I do not wish you.” Mr. Rolfe, following Dr. Johnson in essentials, suggests: “none *away* from me, since you have enough yourselves.” Certainly, Gratiano seems to be leading up to his request.

200 ff. “You loved: I loved for pastime,”—*i. e.*, to avoid the vacancy of delay,—taking *for* [*intermission*] in its frequent sense of “for fear of,” “to avert.” Gratiano, in his jesting fashion, intimates that something had to be done by way of filling up

this "intermission" of his usual life in Venice. Theobald, however, could see no sense in "loving for intermission," and read

You lov'd, I lov'd : for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.

That is, I am no more fond of standing idle than you are. Clarendon follows this reading, and Dr. Furness approves. The Cambridge editors retain the reading as in our text, so that the explanation of Staunton must be followed for 201: "I owe my wife as much to you as to my own efforts."

215. *Salerio*. Is this a new character, as in our text? Is it a blunder for Salanio, or even for Salerino? Like Delius, Dr. Furness agrees with Knight and Dyce that it is not a new character, since the company of that day included so few actors. But the same actor, as nowadays, could appear in another part. *My old Venetian friend* is really (Dr. Furness points this out) the strongest argument for Salanio. Our text follows the Cambridge edition.

219. *Very* = true.

232. *Estate* = state.—Here the folios have "Opens the letter"; Q.1, "He opens the letter"; Q.2, probably a stage-copy, "Open the letter."

235. *Royal merchant*. Dr. Johnson pointed out that this was an epithet familiar to Shakspeare, because it was applied to Sir Thomas Gresham.

237. Douce: "Antonio with his argosy is not the successful Jason; we are the persons who have won the fleece."—But see I, i, 170, 172. Is it not "*We are the Jasons*"?—Daniel (*Variorum*, p. 162) thinks there is a pun on *fleece* and *fleets*.

239. *Shrewd* = evil. See dictionary for the history of the word.

243. *Constant* = firm, fixed.

247. *Unpleasant'st*. Abbott, § 473.

258. *Mere* = absolute.

264. Th. Elze (see *Variorum*, p. 164), after a hard search through this play, found only three slips in what we now call "local coloring." Venice "never had any direct communication with Mexico."

274. "Denies that strangers have equal rights in Venice."

276. *Magnificoes*, chief men of Venice. See "Othello," I, ii, 12.

278. *Envious* = malicious.

289. *Unwearied*, superlative: see note, II, i, 46.

303. R. G. White estimates Portia's liberality at a million dollars of our money.—Note the accent after the pause, and consequent gain in emphasis.

308. *A merry cheer* (a merry face), a phrase of Chaucer's time. The opposite was "a carefull chere," "Geste of Robin Hood," 28².

315. *Between you and I*. See Jespersen, "Progress in Lang.," §§ 156, 192, who explains: "*I* was preferred to *me* after *and*, because the group of words *you and I*, *he and I*, etc., in which this particular word-order was required by common politeness, would occur in every-day speech so frequently as to make it practically a sort of stock-phrase taken as a whole, the last word of which was therefore not inflected." The modern motive for such a phrase (the vague notion that *me* is ungrammatical however used) could not have obtained in Shakspeare's day.

SCENE III.

9. *Naughty* = wicked. See V, 91.—*Fond* = foolish.

10. *Cf.* the familiar hymn:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad . . . "

19. *Kept* = dwelt.

25. "Allow to hold good."—Clarendon.

27 ff. Note construction, and *cf.* above, III, ii, 124. *If it be denied* (= the denial of the conveniences, privileges, that strangers have) forms a subject for *will much impeach*. Some editors make the denial refer to *the course of law*.

32. *Bated* = weakened.

SCENE IV.

2. *Conceit*, concept, notion. See I, i, 92, and "Hamlet," II, ii, 579.

6. To show the pupil that *gentleman* is a dative, hardly to

be used at present, is not mere grammatical information; it is by noting the greater flexibility of form and construction, the greater freedom of vocabulary, that one learns the Shakspeare dialect, and that is the real object of this linguistic analysis.

21. Folios and Q.₂ have *cruelty*.

25. See note to l. 6 above, and Abbott, § 451, for such words used as nouns.

30. Cf. (Schmidt) "Nor child nor woman's face," "Coriolanus," V, iii, 130.

46. *Thee*. To the servant. *You* to Lorenzo and Jessica. The *thou* and *thee* to Nerissa springs from familiarity, not from superiority.

49. *Padua*. Theobald's correction for the "Mantua" of the old texts.

52. *Imagined* = "imaginable," or else "of imagination," as we still say "swift as thought." Milton has *unreproved* = not to be reprov'd, "Par. Lost," iv, 493, and "Allegro," 40; *unremoved* = not to be removed, iv, 987; whereas (iv, 843) *inviolable* seems to mean inviolate.

53. *Tranect*, a ferry. *Trajcet* would be nearer the Italian *traghetto*, and Rowe, approved by many, substitutes the former word instead of *tranect*, a word not met with elsewhere.—The evidences of acquaintance with actual scenes and customs of Venice which one finds in this play have led to the belief that Shakspeare had actually visited the city, and even in his description of Belmont had a definite place (see Variorum, p. 175 ff.) in mind.

63. *Accoutred*: Rowe. Q.₂, 3, 4 and folios read *accoutered*; Q.₁ *apparrld*.

72. *I could not do withal*, I could not help it. Among the many instances quoted by editors, this from Nash,—“If he die of a surfeit, I cannot do withal, it is his own seeking, not mine,”—is the best. See note, Var., p. 179 ff.

77. *Jacks*. A term of contempt.

SCENE V.

Elze thinks (see Variorum, p. 184) that this scene, otherwise too trivial, is meant, under cover of the clown's bells, to bring

out Shakspeare's notion about the conversion of Jews, and to disapprove in advance the penalty imposed upon Shylock.

3. *I fear you*; i. e., "for you." Cf. "Hamlet," I, iii, 52: "Fear me not."

4. *Agitation*, probably (Eccles) for "cogitation."

14 ff. Malone noted the allusion to the well-known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled "*Alexandreis*":

Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim.

The poem belongs to the thirteenth century, and Steevens says it became "a common school-book."—See Variorum, p. 182.

20. *Enow*, the plural of *enough*.

42. *Cover* here = put on the hat.

43. *Quarrelling with occasion*. "Contrary to, and seeking to elude, the matter in question."—Schmidt. "Quibbling on every opportunity."—Clarendon. Probably Shakspeare had both of these notions in his mind.

52. Launcelot has just made a ridiculous application of the rule for "proper words in proper places." Lorenzo laughs at the clown's sudden fit of precision: "O dear discretion (cf. *discerno*), how his words are suited (in exaggerated nicety of application)!"—If the student thinks Lorenzo means more than this, he may consult Variorum, p. 185.

53. Allen suggested: *hath, planted in his memory*, . . .

57. *Defy the matter* = slight the real meaning.—*Cheer'st*. Q.₁ is probably better: *How far'st thou?*

64. So Q.₁. Folios:

And if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason . . .

Pope changed to *merit it*, *In*. Halliwell suggests *find*. One expects, Clarendon remarks, some word meaning appreciate; but Dr. Furness approves Capell's explanation: to *mean it* = "to observe moderation"; and this certainly allows us to retain the reading of our text.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

1. *What*. Not an exclamation of surprise, as in Bernardo's question, "What, is Horatio there?" ("Hamlet," I, i, 19), but the well-known exclamation, as in the opening line of the "Beowulf": *Hwæt!*

6. *From* = of.

7. *Qualify* = temper.

20. *Remorse* = pity.

26. *Moiety* = portion.

34. *Gentle*. Dr. Furness admits the possibility of an intended pun here, but pleads against the likelihood.

39. An unimportant blunder. As White remarks, this threat would have little terror for the Doge of Venice.

46. *Baned* = killed. Ang.-Sax. *banā*, a murderer.

47. *Gaping*; *i. e.*, with its mouth open (garnished with a lemon), as served on the table for Christmas dinner, or else "squealing": "let not the doubt which, disturb our souls," advises R. G. White.

50. The old editions had for sole punctuation in this line a full stop after *affection*, and read in the next line: *Masters of passion*. Thirlby suggested the reading of our text. Dr. Furness prefers *for affection, master of passion* . . .

56. *Woollen bag-pipe*. Either a bag-pipe with woollen covering, or (Capell) a *wawling* bag-pipe. One may repeat White's remark, above, note to l. 47.

65 ff. It is hardly necessary to assume here imitation of the stichic arrangement familiar in classical drama.

68. *Offence* = injured feeling, sense of wrong. Whereupon, as Clarendon notes, Shylock treats the word as meaning the actual injury.

73 ff. The reading of Q.1, except that *bleat* is there *bleake*.

76. *And* [command them] *to make no noise*.

77. *Fretten*. There is nothing "irregular" here. *Fret* (like German *fressen*) is for *for-eat*,—if one may so modernize,—"to devour," then "to chafe"; and *fretten* corresponds with *eaten* as past participle: Anglo-Sax. *freten*. The folios read *fretted*.

82. The offices of adjective and noun are exchanged. We should say "convenient brevity and plainness." See Schmidt, 1417.

105. Whether Portia knew or did not know that the Duke had sent for Bellario, is not important. To the latter she sent Balthazar for certain "notes and garments" (III, iv, 50); but before that, in Bassanio's absence, she may have communicated with her learned cousin. For Elze's possible model for Bellario, see Variorum, p. 458 ff.

121. Edwin Booth, in a letter to the editor of the Variorum (see p. 384), notes this as a case of Shakspeare's shiftiness as a theatrical manager, and says it is, notwithstanding, "a most dangerous 'bit of business,' and apt to cause a laugh."

125. *Hangman* = executioner.

128. *Inexorable*, "that cannot be execrated enough" (Clarendon); but Dr. Furness prefers *inexorable*, the reading of fol.^s 3, 4.

134 ff. In the Variorum (p. 207) Dr. Furness thinks there is corruption here, or even that it is an actor's addition. But in *Shakespeariana* (August, 1888, p. 356) he quotes from certain travels to show that *wolves were actually hanged*. *Who*, etc. (as in constructions noted above, III, ii, 124; iii, 27 ff.) = "and [when] he [was] hang'd," etc., "did his fell soul fleet," etc.

142. *Cureless*. So the quartos. The folios have *endless*.

161. Is not the *let him lack* a printer's repetition from 160? *Let his lack of years be no impediment to a reverend estimation*, is good sense. If we retain the phrase, we may explain: *be no impediment [so as, or, of a kind] to let him lack*, etc.

167. *Come*, Qq. *Came*, Ff.

168. *Place*; i. e., beside the Duke.

170. Schmidt (under 6) makes *question* = "discussion, disquisition, consideration," but (3) "judicial trial" would be better.

178. *Danger* = jurisdiction, power. Cf. Chaucer, "C. T.," 663:

In daunger hadde he at his ownē gise
The yongē gurlēs of the diocese.

It is sometimes used for "debt."

180 ff. The fabric of this whole passage needs no praise, but the weaving of it may be noted, perhaps, without trenching too much on the territory of those amphibious commentators who

are never sure whether they are on the land of philology or in the sea of æsthetics. First comes Portia's quite natural *must* (180) ; as Abbott (§ 314) remarks, it lacks "the notion of compulsion,"—as if she said : "Then there is nothing for you except the Jew's mercy,"—but Shylock, standing always for the law, asks why he "*must*" be merciful, though his question is by no means in the sense of Nathan's *kein Mensch muss müssen*. Directly as answer to this, without any appeal to rhetoric, comes Portia's plea for mercy. "On what compulsion? None. The quality (= nature, character) of mercy is that it acts without compulsion ; it is *not* strain'd (= constrained)." Again, in 186–195 note the unforced but exquisite balance of thought. The assertion that Mercy becomes *The throned monarch better than his crown*, is repeated in the exactly corresponding passage below : *And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice* ; while the six intervening lines contrast the terror of the law and the diviner sway of mercy.

184. *Blest* (an adjective, not a participle) = full of blessing. See other examples : Schmidt, p. 1417 ; and *cf.* III, ii, 97.

189. *Awe* = that which inspires awe.

202. See above, l. 134, and references.

212. That malice, not honesty, is behind this appeal to the law.

221. *Daniel*. See the story of Susannah (Apocrypha), of Bel and the Dragon, and Ezekiel, xxviii, 3 ; Daniel, vi, 3.

231. See I, iii, 152 ff.—But Shylock has specified his choice in the bond.

246. *Hath full relation* = may be applied.

249. *More elder*. Abbott, § 11.

253. *Balance*. Plural on account of the sibilant ending.

261. *You*. The folios have *come*.

266. *Still her use* = it is always her wont.

270. By dwelling (with the so-called hovering accent) on the words *Of such misery*, we can bring this verse within the bounds of any but rule-of-thumb scansion. Or we may read *Of such a* with F.₂, 3, 4.

273. "Speak well of me when I am dead."—Clarendon. Or could it be : Speak well of the way in which I died ? (Q₁.)

279. *Presently* = *instantly*, the reading of the other quartos and of the folios. The jest is not ill-timed, but pathetic enough.

294. *Barrabas*. The common pronunciation in Shakspeare's day.

296. *Pursue*. Hovering accent.

316. *This offer*. Q.₃ reads *his*.

326. *In the substance*, "in the mass, in the gross weight."—Clarendon.

332. *Cf.* I, iii, 42.

333. Dr. Furness suggests that in this "pause" Shakspeare may intimate to us that the play is trembling between tragedy and comedy. Suppose Shylock had taken his forfeiture,—and the consequences! In the next line the Jew renounces his heroism, his tragic chance, but not his dignity. He craved the law, and the law—as all agree—turns out to be a quibbling thing. Much has been written about the character of the law in this play, and what Shakspeare "intended" by the discomfiture of Shylock: see *Variorum*, p. 403 ff. We have, however, to remember that the facts were in the main handed down to the playwright from his predecessors in narrative, even barring the possibility that an older play gave the facts of the trial as we have them. The pupil would probably be interested in the "Dramatic Reverie" of R. H. Horne, printed by Dr. Furness, p. 400 ff., and should notice Horne's attempt to hit the Shaksperian cadence of verse as well as general style.

344 ff. This is the really strong case against Shylock, and is evidently Bellario's contribution. The quibble about blood and an exact pound was Portia's.

350. *Contrive* = plot.

355. *Predicament*, "a definite class, state, or condition."—"Cent. Dict." *Cf.* "the lowest in the predicament of your friends."

360. *Formerly*, like "the above" in a document.

370. In the *Academy* (Jan. 9, 1892, p. 38) Professor Tyrrell suggests that *drive* should be *derive* in its sense of "turn from the course, deflect," as in Latin, and as used in "II Hen. IV.," IV, v, 43: "this crown . . . which . . . *derives* itself to me."

371. Antonio's portion must not be thus commuted.

378. If the Duke will remit the fine, for which the forfeiture of half of Shylock's estate was to be commuted, Antonio will take the half due to himself, but simply hold it "in use," in trust, for

Lorenzo and Jessica. Antonio is to get nothing out of the arrangement ; but there seems to be some doubt whether the interest of this half was to fall to Shylock during his life (Ritson), or to the children (Clarendon).

397. The twelve jurymen.

398. *Exit Shylock*. Further stress on this martyrdom of Shylock would have defeated the "comedy."

*I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
I am not well . . .*

is all that the drama can bear ; and the skill of the artist now plays rapidly and firmly about the jest of the rings and the embarrassment of the husbands, with moonlight and music and laughter for the close. A good parallel for study is the solution offered by Chaucer for a corresponding problem in narrative. The tragic death of Arcite in "The Knight's Tale" must be followed by the marriage of Palamon. The transition is admirable. The death itself is described with a dash of cynicism :

And certeynly ther nature wil not wirche,
Farwel phisik ; go ber the man to chirche.

.

His spirit chaungede hous and wente ther,
As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher ;—

and then we have the gibes about widows, and that masterly consolation offered by old Egeus :

"Right as ther deyde nevere man," quod he,
"That he ne lyvede in erthe in som degree,
Right so ther lyvede nevere man," he seyde,
"In al this world, that som tyme he ne deyde."

Then Theseus, with his commonplaces, bores us into sheer forgetfulness of the tragedy, and we are all agog for a wedding.

Shakspeare tells us nothing more about Shylock. Villains like Edmund and Iago are provided for in a tragedy ; but Shylock vanishes. He is hardly mentioned again, and only in an impersonal way. Nothing whatever is said of the trial. There is no hint of sadness ; even the merchant seems to have undergone a general toning-up, and his "liver-trouble," as Booth called it,

is cured—though at V, 228, there is threat of an attack. Yet there are those who assert that all the merriment is superfluous, and would end the play with this same *Exit Shylock!* All good artists, from Shakspeare to Uncle Remus, know better than that.

404. *Gratify*, express your thanks to, recompense.

410. *Cope*, in general “to encounter,” and so, here, “to reward”: We reward your pains with (*withal*) three thousand ducats. *Gratify* and *cope* are polite euphemisms.

429. *To give* = by giving.

443. *An* = and = if. See Murray’s “New English Dict.,” I, 317, under C.

449. *Command[e]ment*: quadrisyllabic.

453. *Presently* = at once.

SCENE II.

6. *Advice*, deliberation. *Cf.* I, i, 142.

15. *Old*, like “brave,” “fine,” or the like. For examples, see Schmidt (7). Mr. Rolfe compares “high old time.” We still apply “old,” somewhat in the sense of Latin *ille*, when we speak of favorites, famous people, and the like. *Cf.* also “Here, old pup!” to a dog; and the German “*alter Junge*,” used jocularly to a friend.

ACT V.

Here is pure romance, comedy as Shakspeare understood it, air prodigally “sweet after showers,” to make us forget the tempest of threatened tragedy. Poetic justice is fairly wanton here, and almost ironical. The argosies come back; everybody is happy; and even Shylock has his — Christianity. The same half-ironical treatment prevails at the end of “*As You Like It*,” Celia marrying Oliver, and the wicked Duke turning monk on such flimsy provocation. Only a German, however, could quarrel with the *motivirung* in our play; for Shakspeare takes care to open this fifth act with such charm of moonlight, of old romance and young

love, that we accept the happiness without asking too nicely how it all came to pass.—For the Elizabethan love of music, which plays such a part in this act, both by special mention and in the fabric of the rhythm, see Introduction, p. xxi.

1 ff. Matthew Arnold has claimed for the Celtic element in English poetry that “natural magic” which he finds so richly represented in these opening lines. The form is amœbean (responsive), and reminds one—very distantly—of the pastorals of Vergil or of Theocritus, as well as of the mediæval imitations; but this merry flyting of the lovers has a spontaneous charm unknown to the cleverest pastoral. These lovers, by the way, are Lorenzo and Jessica by name, but they are really Bassanio and Portia, whose first glimpse of the honeymoon is thus taken by deputy. The *alba*, or, as the Germans call it, the *Tagelied*,—alternate stanzas sung by lovers parting at daybreak,—is also famous among lyrics, and has brought out admirable poetry; but, again, the matchless little *Tagelied* in “Romeo and Juliet,” where the lovers part, puts to shame all deliberate work of the kind. Note that blank verse such as this has all the quality of rime. A stanzaic effect is given, not only by the responsive arrangement, but by the refrain, which here opens instead of closing the stanza. For comparison (only for the stanzaic effect, not for the amœbean), read Tennyson’s “Tears, Idle Tears” and Lamb’s “Old Familiar Faces.” Further, it is worth noting that the refrain throughout stands in the second half of the verse.

4. *Troilus*. The tale of Troy divine, as told in mediæval romance, was not the classical story. Benoit de Sainte More, in his French “Roman de Troie,” with late Latin “histories” for source, made Briseida (= Briseis) heroine of a love story, with Troilus and Diomedes as her lovers. Then came Guido da Colonna with his Latin “Historia Trojana” (1287). Boccaccio transformed this dry stuff into his fascinating “Filostrato” (= “The Love-Prostrated”). Brilliant as this was, Chaucer far surpassed it with his “Troilus and Cryseide,” and gave the last touch of tragic romance to a story which is “Trojan” only in name. Probably, when the “Merchant of Venice” was brought out, there was a play of “Troilus and Cressida” familiar to the public, and serving afterwards as basis for Shakspeare’s cynical

drama. Steevens first noticed that Chaucer himself furnished the facts for this line. See "Troilus," V, stanza xcvi (Aldine ed.) :

Upon the wallës fast ek wold he walke ;
 And on the Greekës oost he woldë se,
 And to himself right thus he woldë talke :
 " Lo yonder is myn owene lady free,
 Or ellës yonder ther the tentës bee,
 And thennës cometh this eyr that is so soote,
 That in my soule I feele it doth me boote."

7. *Thisbe*. Commentators have pointed out that the stories of Thisbe, Dido, and Medea were also told by Chaucer. See "Legend of Good Women," ii, iii, iv. In the case of Thisbe there seems to be reference to Ovid ("Metamorphoses," iv, 55 ff.), perhaps known to Shakspeare in Golding's translation, as well as to Chaucer, who, however, provided for the moonlight :

For by the moone she saugh yt wel withalle.

It is worth noting, in regard to Shakspeare's knowledge of Chaucer, that the latter was by no means, as now, the exclusive property of scholars and scholarly minded people.—*O'ertrip*. "And to the tree she gooth a ful goode paas."—Chaucer.

10. *Dido*. The truth seems to be, says Mr. Hunter,—see *Variorum*, p. 239,—"that Shakspeare has transferred to Dido what he found in Chaucer's 'Legend' concerning Ariadne" :

And to the stronde barefote faste she wente,
 No man she sawe, and yet shone the mone,
 And hie upon a rokke she wentë sone,
 And saw his bargë saylyng in the see . . .
 Hir kerchefe on a polë styked she
 Ascauncë that he shulde hyt wel ysee.

11. "If a hyphen be needed at all, it should connect 'wilde' and 'sea.'"—Dr. Furness.

Waft = "wafted," waved, beckoned.—Note the cadence of this and the preceding line. There's cadence of this sort in "*Comus*." Compare with the latter, Milton's blank verse in "*Paradise Lost*," and with the present passage compare the verse of the great tragedies.

13. *Medea*. Clarendon notes that this is from Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," vii ; and that Gower, in his "*Confessio Aman-*

tis" (book v), has a description of Medea gathering herbs by moonlight.

14. This verse of two parts, like 12, offers no difficulty in scansion, provided it be kept in two parts. The pause takes the place of a light syllable, such as "and,"—a word which Fol.₂ and many editors have inserted. Cf. 17, 20.

28. *Stéphano* here; in the "Tempest," V, i, 277, *Stéphano*, the proper pronunciation. Of course, in this verse one may easily read *Stéphano*; but cf. 51.

31. *Holy crosses*, still familiar to the traveller in southern Europe.

41. Q.₁ has: *M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo*. Fol.₂ had *M. Lorenzo and M. Lorenza*, whence Fol.₃ finely reads "*M. Lorenzo and Mrs. Lorenza*." Fol.₁ has *M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo*, where &, it is conjectured, should be an interrogation point.

49. *Sweet soul*, taken by the editors from the end of Launcelot's preceding speech, and given to Lorenzo.

53. On these bands of musicians kept by rich or powerful persons in England, see Elze, "Shakspeare," p. 411.

59. *Patines*. Fol.₁, with Q.₂, ₃, reads *pattens*, Q.₁ *pattents*, and Fol.₂ *patterns*. "The 'patine' is a plate used in the Eucharist," says Clarendon, "and the image is thus much finer and more suitable to 'the floor of heaven' than the commonplace 'patterns.'" Dr. Furness suggests that with the full moon few stars would be visible, and the "patines" are broken clouds "like flaky disks of curdled gold." The next line, of course, in any case, refers to the stars.

60 ff. A host of references to this music of the spheres could be marshalled from classical and modern literature. The best known, and nearest to our text, is in Milton's "Arcades" (62 ff.) :

. . . Then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.

Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

The student should notice other references to the doctrine, such as the beautiful passage in "Mid. Night's Dr.," II, i, 153 :

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

with kindred passages : see Elze, "Shakspeare," p. 391, note, and Variorum, p. 249 (in reference to Montaigne's "Essay on Custom"). Of the classical passages usually quoted, see Cicero's "*Somnium Scipionis*," 5. For wider astronomical notions of the time, see Furnivall on "Shakspeare's Astronomy," in *Trans. New Shaks. Soc.*, 1877-79 ; and, in particular, the debate on "divine astrology" in Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," sc. vi (= v of the older editions). Aristotle, it is interesting to note, was sceptical about this music, and ridiculed the explanation that we do not hear it because it is always with us, as workers in brass cannot hear the perpetual noise they make.

62. *Cherubins*. The singular is used in "Othello," IV, ii, 63, and comes from the French.

65. *Close it in*. Fol. and Q.₁ read *close in it*, which Dr. Furness accepts by reading "close-in it." The sense is plain enough.

71. Commentators note the same idea in "Tempest," IV, i, 176.

77. *Mutual*, common.

86. *Spirit*. It is unnecessary to make a monosyllable of this ; and if it be done, it is certainly wrong to say it was pronounced *sprite*. There was a Middle English *sprit* ; and *cf.* the rime in that treasure-house of wrenched accents, Chapman's continuation of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" (3d Sestiad),—*spirits: wits; sit: spirit*.

99. *Respect*, relation. Goodness is a relative quality.

104. *Attendel* [to], noticed, explains Clarendon. Dr. Furness goes back to the notion of "respect," relativity, and takes *attended* literally ; *i. e.*, by the fit season.

109. To the musicians.—*Ho!*—*cf.* Chaucer, "Knight's Tale," 848,—Malone's emendation for *how*.

114. *Husband health*, Q.₁. Pope made the change.

115. *Speed*, prosper.

122. *Tucket*, "a flourish on a trumpet."

141. Courtesy which consists merely in breath, words.

146. Accent omitted, and compensating pause ?—*Posy*, the verse inscribed in a ring, on a knife, etc. As a motto went with a

gift of flowers, *posy* (= poesy) came to mean a nosegay. Arber ("English Garner," i, 611 ff.) gives a list of "Love Posies," from a MS. "written about 1596."—*I hope to see You yield to me ; Continue you, For I am true ; This ring is round and hath no end, So is my love unto my friend*—are specimens.

148. *Leave me not*, do not part from me, give me away,—“cutler’s poetry,” instead of some fine amorous sentiment.

154. *Respective*, considerate : see I, i, 74.

160. *Scrubbed*, stunted, small : Ang.-Sax. *scrob*, shrub.

167. Read the line with strong emphasis on *riveted*, and the metre takes care of itself.

173. Rule-of-thumb scansion fares ill in this case ; but if the verse itself be taken as unit, with rapid movement in *You give your wife and a cause of grief*, with emphasis on *too unkind*, the result is satisfactory.

175. *I were best, for me were best* ; see examples of the change in Jespersen’s “Progress in Language,” p. 225 ff., and note above to II, viii, 33.

191 ff. The repetition of *ring* at this climax, with everybody, spectators included, party to the joke, except the lovers and Antonio, gives a touch of farce and jollity to a situation which must not even hint at tragic danger. Similar passages have been pointed out,—the most remarkable in “Edward III,” II, i, 156 ff.,—“where ‘the sun’ ends eight consecutive lines.” See *Vari-orum*, p. 262.

197. *Virtue* = power. Cf. the *virtuous ring* (magical power) in Milton’s “Il Penseroso,” 113.

199. “Your honor involved in the safe-keeping of the ring” (Clarendon). *Contain* here = retain. Note the infinitive.

203. Lacked modesty [to such an extent] as to urge [= “demand” ; cf. IV, i, 313] a thing held as sacred.

208. Of course, Doctor of Civil Law.

218. This “kenning,” of which Shakspeare is fond, was quaintly used—mainly for the sun—by Anglo-Saxon poets : *God’s candle, heaven-candle, world-candle, day-candle, joy-candle of man* ; in one instance, however, a star is called *heaven-candle*.

235. *Double*, full of duplicity.

259. *Wealth*, weal, prosperity.

260. *Which* refers to the lending, not to *wealth*.

279. Your rich argosies are unexpectedly come to port.

288. *Cf.* III, ii, 157.

298 ff. See Allen's explanation, *Variorum*, p. 267 : "You are not satisfied [but would like to know of these events] at full."

300. *Inter'gatories*. See Clarendon's quotation from Lord Campbell : "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for a 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories,' he is made to swear that he will answer all things faithfully."

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